The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, 1886. PRICE THREE CENTS

ABLAZE!

Destruction of the Great Seed Warehouse of Ferry & Co.

White's Theater, the Windsor Block, the Wesson Block, and Smaller Buildings Also Burned.

The Loss Not Less than a Million and a Half of Dollars; Insurance $490,000.

A NEW YEAR'S BLAZE.

D. M. Ferry's Immense Seed Establishment Burned.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DETROIT, Jan. 2.—D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed establishment was reported burning yesterday.

At 9 o'clock the whole fire department was called out by a fire in D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed store, on Lafayette street, in this city. The flames spread rapidly, and at that hour the entire building was a mass of flames. The loss will be heavy.

The fire has spread to the box department on the opposite Fayette street. White's theater is in flames, and seems doomed. The entire seed store, an immense four story brick building, is totally consumed. The insurance on the D. M. Ferry block is $600,000.

Both Ferry's block and White's theatre were without inner walls and proved a great fold for the flames. At 10:45 White's [illegible] fell in, killing Captain Philbert instantly. The men were just coming down from the ladder and a large number narrowly escaped death.

Definite figures of losses can not be given, but the total will reach not less $1,500,000. The stock alone in Ferry & Co.'s is estimated to have been worth from $100,000 to $120,000, and their building was valued at $250,000.

A JOINT DEAL

On the Irish Home Rule Question.

By Cable to THE SENTINEL.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The Pall Mall *Gazette* this afternoon says that it is able to announce that Gladstone is ready to entertain feasible proposals from Marquis Salisbury to jointly concert for settlement the home rule question. The *Gazette* urges a coalition of liberals and conservatives to deal with the subject of home rule.

The union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia has been agreed on.

A Murderer Arrested.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

POPULAR BLUFF, Mo., Jan. 2.—Tom Archer, charged with the murder of John B. Bunch, near Shoals, Martin county, Ind., in 1881, was arrested here Thursday night.

Sunday Theatricals.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 2.—Otiver Doud Ryron was this morning convicted in the police court of violating the law in giving theatrical performances on Sunday. He was not present and the sentence was not passed.

Puggy O'Leary.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Judge Shepard sentenced Cornelius alias "Puggy O'Leary," the brutal murderer of his mistress and his sister, to forty years imprisonment.

T. e Last of Them.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DETROIT, Jan. 2.—The Knoch murder case has been brought into prominence again by the sudden death of Mrs. Elizabeth Knoch, mother of the ill-fated family. She feared she had to make a statement and killed herself.

Death of Mr. John Ring.

The sad news of Mr. John Ring's death Thursday afternoon is probably already known and certainly deeply regretted. Nearly two weeks ago he was stricken with paralysis and congestion of the brain, from which he never rallied, and has been slowly dying. Mr. Ring was born in Perry county, Ohio, July 15 1829, and came to this county in 1859. In 1852 he was married to Miss Sarah Gordon, and went first to Wisconsin, holding for a time a position in the general land office at Madison, When he came to this county he settled in Pleasant township, on a farm in the midst of the woods, and lived there until he was elected county treasurer. At the expiration of his second term of office he purchased a farm in Adams township, where he lived until the time of his death. Mr. Ring was universally liked and was faithful to every trust and friendship reposed in him.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, in his sermon at the Cathedral yesterday, feelingly referred to Mr. Ring and his many christian virtues. His funeral occurs Monday morning. The cortege will leave the house at 8 o'clock and be at the Cathedral at 9. Hon. Edward O'Rourke, County Commissioner John Brannan, Officer Steve Fletcher, James Fox, James Summers and Patrick Hunt have been chosen pall bearers. Mr. Ring leaves but his wife and her neice, an adopted daughter, to mourn his loss as a husband and father. He was a member of the Cathedral sodality and Irish Catholic Benevolent society and both will attend his funeral.

Mr. Moynihan was long a resident of this city and went south with Mr. J. S. Finkenbeiner, in the sewing machine business. He is a brother of the city editor of THE SENTINEL.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Wheat opened firm, but declined ½@⅞c with poor business. No. 2 red, January, 91⅛@92⅛c. Corn, ¼@⅜c higher, firm and quiet. Mixed Western, 42@51⅛c.

Money easy at 2@3 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Wheat, 84¼ cash. Corn, 36¼ cash and Jan. Oats, 28⅛ cash. Rye, 58¼. Barley, 62. Flaxseed, $1 12¾. Whisky, $1 16. Pork, easy, $9 45 cash and January. Lard, $6 05 cash.

Small Talk.

The Grant monument fund begins the new year with $113,215 to its credit.

The estate of the late Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, figures up over $3,000,000.

Judge Sidney Smith has abandoned the contest against Carter H. Harrison for the mayoralty of Chicago.

RELIGIOUS.

Do not fail to read Talmage's sermon. It is good from beginning to end.

Regular services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All are invited.

Trinity Episcopal church. Services at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited. Mr. H. B. Sayner will sing the offertory solo at the morning service.

Revival services at Trinity M. E. church, north side, to-morrow morning and evening. Sermon at 10:30 a. m. Subject, "Reconsecration." Revival services at 7 p. m., introduced by a half hour's song service. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

Grace Reformed church. Services conducted by the pastor, both morning and evening. Morning subject, "Swordless Victory for '86." Evening subject, "Where Art Thou?" All are cordially welcome. Services will be continued throughout the week, every evening, it being the week of prayer. Come and welcome to all these.

"Looking into the New Year" is the subject of Pastor Northrop's sermon tomorrow evening at the Baptist church. "Three Dangers of the Day" is the topic of his address at the young men's service at 3 o'clock, and "Instant in Prayer" is the the subject of the morning discourse. Come and welcome. Room for all will be secured by polite ushers.

Services to-morrow at Simpson M. E. church. Morning subject, "The Master's Stewards;" evening subject, "The Second Advent of Christ." Social meetings at 9:30 and 11:30 and Sunday school at 2:30. Our house is comfortable and all are invited. We are glad to meet strangers. Corner of Harrison and Dawson streets, south Fort Wayne.

Quarterly meeting services will be held at the Wayne street M. E. church tomorrow. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by the postor, Rev. F. G. Browne. Subject, "The prosperity of the church." At 7:30 p. m. Rev. C. W. Lynch, presiding elder of the Fort Wayne district, will preach. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the conclusion of the morning service. All are cordially invited.

"The Promise of the Father" is the topic for the sermon to-morrow morning at Christian chapel, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets. The lecture in the evening is upon "The Creed of the Christian Church." The pastor, Geo. P. Slade, will deliver a lecture each evening during the week. The lectures commence at 7:45 o'clock. These lectures are free and all who can are requested to attend.

SUPERINTENDENT STEVENS,

Of the Wabash, Returns Thanks to the Employes.

The heads of the departments of the Wabash in this city, this morning received the following personal card of thanks from Supt. G. W. Stevens:

PERU, Ind., January 1, 1886.

To All Employes Eastern Division:

At the beginning of the New Year, I adopt this method to thank each and every employe on the division, for the faithful and intelligent manner in which they have performed their duties during the year that has passed, resulting in the property being in a better condition physically than it has been for years and with a freedom from accidents, resulting from carelessness, that is very gratifying to the management and the public.

I trust that every man will aim to make the record of 1886 as favorable.

G. W. STEVENS,
Superintendent.

The Week of Prayer.

The union of the churches during the week of prayer has been highly beneficial and a source of spiritual profit in years past, and therefore by previous arrangement at the ministers' meeting a week ago, it was concluded to carry out the usual program laid down by the Evangelical Alliance. The services will be held in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian church next week, beginning on Monday, Jan. 4, at 2 o'clock and will continue each day at the same hour. The following topics, with leaders' names and dates, are given for reference and ready access:

MONDAY.

"Praise and Thanksgiving," led by Rev. S. A. Northrop and Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D.

TUESDAY.

"Humiliation and Confession," led by Rev. Brown and Rev. J. Fisher.

WEDNESDAY.

"Home and Foreign Missions," Rev. Geo. P. Slade and Rev. Chas. F. Kriete, leaders.

THURSDAY.

"The Church and the Family," Rev. E. A. Hazeltine and Rev. T. J. Bacher, leaders.

FRIDAY.

"Nations and Governments," Rev. Paynter and Rev. J. K. Waltz, leaders.

SATURDAY.

"The Christian Life," Rev. J. P. Steward and Rev. W. H. McFarland, leaders.

The attendance will be large and the interest more than ordinary, and is to be hoped that the results will be more than satisfactory to the churches of our city and finally to the advancement of vital christianity in our city.

A Letter from Iowa.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Iowa, Dec. 28.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

As I am a subscriber to THE SENTINEL I will give you a few lines for publication, if you think it worthy of the same, as I have lived the greater part of my life in old Allen, the banner county of Indiana. I was born in Sandusky county, Ohio, in 1849. When I was about three years old my parents moved to Milan township, Allen county, Ind., and lived there until the spring of 1864, when they moved to Springfield township and bought a farm near the town of Maysville. I lived with my father, Mr. L. D. George, tilling the old farm, until the fall of 1879, when with my wife I moved to Fort Wayne, working for the Pittsburg road until March, 1881. Then we moved to Richland township, Chickasaw county, Iowa, and are living to-day six miles from the county seat.

I am well pleased with the country, but it is not like Indiana, The seasons are shorter, but the winters are as a general thing longer and more severe. It is not as much of a country for grain as it is for stock raising. If any man wants to raise stock for a living this is a better country than Indiana. Wheat in this county last season was almost a failure.

I have been engaged in the bee business for the past four years. Last season was very poor; I had only a little over seven thousand pounds of extracted honey. Two years ago we had upwards of fifteen thousand pounds, which sold at 10 cents a pound. We are wintering 188 colonies of bees this winter.

MILO GEORGE.

The butcher does have some funny expressions; he told his assistant the other day to break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him, and tell Mrs. Black to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for her cold.

CROOKS CAGED.

Officer Sheridan Makes a Clever Haul--Two Other Arrests.

Last night Officer Sheridan put irons on Mike Gillen, at the south depot. He is wanted for burglary and robbery at Lagrange and the officers came after him this morning. Gillen has lived here and has been recognized as a crook, although his brother, Conductor Gillen, is a clever fellow. A telegram said Gillen was wanted and Mr. Sheridan responded with his man.

Deputy United States Marshal Wilkinson arrested J. H. Barnes at Kendallville to-day. Barnes represented himself as a federal inspector and turned several small republican postmasters out of office in Noble county. He came down to Kendallville after this good work and did some crooded pension business. Barnes is in jail here and although a slick fellow will find Uncle Sam stern.

A Card.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

Will you kindly submit the following questions?

1. What amount of county orders are held by the Hamilton National bank?
2. Does not this bank now hold over $65,000 of these orders?
3. Were they not bought at a discount? Did not the bank purchase them at from 95 to 98 cents on the dollar and do they not bear interest at 6 per cent. or their full face value?
4. How much will this funding reduce the profits of said bank?

I am in search of light. CITIZEN.

In reply to the above I am afforded an opportunity to support my views in regard to the inexpediency of funding the county orders as is contemplated.

1. The Hamilton National bank holds about $55,000 of county orders, and it got at least two-thirds of these by giving *the poor people from all over this county par for their poor orders*, then waiting frequently several weeks for a session of the commissioners to obtain a county order. Few of our orders have been bought at a discount not below 98 cents, and one year ago county orders were taken at par.

2. The redemption of orders will not injure our profits, for we can easily loan all our money at 8 per cent., and if we buy government bonds they are always convertible at a moment's notice into cash.

I have no personal interest to subserve and will be glad when county orders and county debts are a thing of the past. So will such large tax-payers as Hon. A. H. Hamilton, A. C. Trentman, Fred Eckert, T. B. Hedekin, Jesse L. Williams, Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Rothschild Brothers and many others who own the stock of the Hamilton National bank. A small bonded debt, if it is necessary, which I think is doubtful, kept at home among tax payers, is better than a large bonded debt abroad. Unless county affairs are managed more economically four years hence there will be as many orders afloat as at present.

CHARLES MCCULLOCH.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Alfred Urbine to Jacob Colter, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 28, Lake township, for $750.

Jacob Colter to Chas. H. Keiler, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 29 Lake township, for $750.

Wm. Hoverstock to Margaret J. Silvers, by administrators' deed, part of section 36, Pleasant township, for $1,-610.

Wm. Fleming to Samuel J. Stiver, by warranty deed, part of section 32, Scipio township, for $400.

Wm. Fleming to Jacob Phillips, by warranty deed, part of section 32, Scipio township, for $400.

Amassa S. Robinson to Nancy Shaffer, by warranty deed, lots 33 and 34, Swift's addition to Monroeville, for $1,000.

President Shober's Party.

"The Tri-State Musical Union Association, organized at Fort Wayne about two years ago, is to send delegates to this place on Tuesday next, to fix upon a time and place to hold their annual convention the coming summer. Now that we are attempting to make Warsaw a summer resort, and as by that time some work will be done towards accomplishing that enterprise, we hope our citizens will extend to all such organizations all possible favors. In this case fifteen or twenty bands belong to the association. It is not a band tournament but a musical organization for self improvement and pleasure," says the Warsaw *Times*.

For neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, gout, swellings, burns, wounds, etc., the best remedy is Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

RATHER STARTLING.

Mrs. Laz Hirsh, a Fort Wayne Lady, Divorced from Her Cruel Husband.

This dispatch to the Chicago *Times* explains itself:

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan., 2.—The Hebrew society of this city was much astonished Thursday morning that late the evening before, Mrs. Lazarus Hirsh had appeared, by her attorney, before Judge Vinton, where her husband's attorneys were in waiting, and a divorce was granted to Mrs. Hirsh on the charge of cruel treatment. Mrs. Hirsh was given $5,000 alimony and the possession of her son, while the husband takes the girl. Mrs. Hirsh will hereafter make her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Laurerty, of Fort Wayne. The divorce creates considerable talk as the couple have been married for over fifteen years.

The Lafayette *Courier* says: "It will be a great surprise to even the most intimate friends of the interested parties to learn that Mr. and Mrs Laz Hirsh have been divorced. The decree was quietly granted yesterday afternoon, when the couple, with their attorneys, Coffroth & Stuart, met Judge Vinton by appointment and settled the matter among themselves. Mrs. Hirsh geth $5,000 alimony and the custody of their son Oscar, eleven years of age, whom she promises to maintain and educate at her own expense. Mr. Hirsh takes charge of their daughter Julia Beatrice. The complaint averred that the parties were married August 2, 1870 and that they lived together until August 7, 1885, fifteen years. Of this marriage there were born two children, aged respectively, Julia Beatrice, 14, Oscar, 11. The complaint sets forth cruel treatment, and asks for $5,000 alimony and the custody of their children. Since their separation last August, Mrs. Hirsh, whose maiden name was Sarah Lauferty, has been living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lauferty, of Fort Wayne. Mr. Hirsh has been up to visit her several times during the autumn, and she has been here on one or two occasions, and it was intimated that they were endeavoring to secure suitable residence property here, in which to go to housekeeping, they having occupied rooms at the Lahr house for the past two or three years. This morning Mrs. Hirsh left for Fort Wayne, with Oscar, their future home. Her father is an old and respected citizen of that city, a wealthy banker. The many friends of the couple will deeply deplore the necessity for such a step as the one taken."

Fort Wayne People at Decatur.

"Miss Fannie Winch, of Fort Wayne, spent the holidays in this city, the guest of Miss Maggie Dorwin.—W. J. Vesey and family, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Judge Studabaker and family during the holidays.—Robert Blackburn and family, of Fort Wayne, spent a portion of the holidays in this city visiting friends and relatives.—Mrs. Francis Wright and son Tommy, of Fort Wayne are visiting friends in this city.—William Fitzgerald and family, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of the Misses Fitzgeralds during the past week.—Mrs. Geary, of Fort Wayne, mother of William Geary, of this place, in company with a niece, has been spending the holidays here with her son," says the Decatur *Democrat*.

Serious Collision on the Wabash.

Wednesday evening, as the east bound passenger train on the Wabash pulled into Buck Creek, near Lafayette, the baggage car struck the cylinder of the west bound accommodation engine, which had side-tracked and run down too close to the switch, knocking it into an adjacent cornfield and damaging the engine so badly that a new engine had to be sent for. The coaches on the passenger were all damaged more or less by the accident, and the dining car was rendered useless and was taken off.

Fire at Huntington.

Fire last Wednesday night destroyed the frame building owned by E. T. Taylor at Huntington, and occupied by Christ Haffner as a grocery and bakery, and damaged the meat market adjoining. Loss about $3,000, with $3,300 insurance in the North American, Springfield, and other companies. Mr. Haffner was a former citizen of Fort Wayne.

Withered Flowers.

The chilling blasts of winter quickly wither the flowers and they fall. So does it affect the human family, and if precautionary measures are not taken, being chilled is followed by evil results. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

WITHOUT A PAPER.

Thad Butler Removes from Andrews, the Prospective Metropolis (?) of the Wabash.

With Thursday's issue the Andrews *Exprcss* was a thing of the past, and in his farewell announcement Mr. Butler acknowledges what THE SENTINEL has always aserted and he so strenuously denied and thereby induced many citizens of Fort Wayne to dispose of their property here and purchase homes in swamps of Andrews, which they are now sacrificing, that Andrews as the future metropolis of the Wabash is a failure.

He says: "Three years and a half ago, relying upon the promises of the Wabash railway, the publishers of the *Express* entered upon the publication of this paper. They came here hoping to establish a permanent business and one which would afford them a comfortable living. The town promised well—business was active—buildings sprang up on every hand, The company had matured the plans and laid the foundation for extensive shops, which, when completed, would have assured a population of from four to six thousand.

"Like hundreds of other citizens, we were doomed to disappointment. Colonel Andrews was received as general superintendent of the road; the division building framed, and ready for raising, was abandoned, and the construction of the contemplated railroad shops was stopped. For the past two years we have struggled against adverse circumstances, being compelled to "bank upon our prospects" to maintain our business. We see no immediate prospects for improvement, and now find it necessary to make a change in our business or encounter financial ruin."

The *Express* plant will be moved to Huntington and consolidated with the *News* of that city, and established as a full fledged republican paper in opposition to the *Herald*.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There was a tremendous attendance at the Academy matinee yesterday afternoon and last night almost 1,000 people were turned away. Standing room was sold and every inch of ground occupied. The play "Saved From the Storm" was cleverly given and will be repeated tonight. Messrs. Brady & Garwood have hit a popular cord and THE SENTINEL likes to know it.

"Hazel Kirke," by Harry Doel Parker's superb company, play at the Academy Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, next week.

"Forgiven, or Jack 'o Diamonds" will be presented at the Temple Tuesday evening, by a powerful company. This play is pronounced one of the best and most enjoyable on the road.

A Fort Wayne Boy Prospering in the South.

"We dropped into the establishment of the firm of B. M. Perrows & Co. yesterday morning," says the Ashville (N. C.) *Citizen*, "to see them in their new quarters. Theirs is a "leaf factory" or "prize house," and the firm is largely engaged in buying leaf tobacco strictly on commission, not on speculation. Their orders are from the best and most responsible houses in the United States, and they have large orders ahead. Fine tobaccos are the speciality. Arrangements are being perfected, to be complete by next season, to handle foreign tobacco, and the erection of a large three-story building will be commenced soon as practicable.

Mr. Perrow is the buyer for the house, and his long experience and cultivated judgment gives him eminent qualifications for his duties. He is doing everything that labor and intelligence can effect to bring the Asheville market into prominence, and has sagacity enough to foresee the time when it will be one of the largest in the state of North Carolina. Mr. Martin H. Moynihan, one of the firm, attends principally to the indoor business, and is industrious and expert in the management of tobacco; so that the two partners work in happy concert, one being the perfect complement of the other.

Five years ago, 80,000 pounds of tobacco were sold on the Asheville market; no more. For the present month of December, the prospect of this firm is fair for the sale of 1,000,000 pounds."

Rev. W. O. Pierce and Dr. Markle, of Winchester, and Rev. George H. Hill, of South Whitley, were in the city yesterday, attending the meeting of the board of managers of the Methodist Company. The *Pulpit and Pew*, published by said company, will be issued as a bi-monthly the next year.

COMMON SENSE IN LAFAYETTE.

Lafayette, Ind., shares, with twenty-three other cities and towns in the United States, the distinction of being named after the great French patriot who did so much for this country and his own, but it is alone in the honor of being mentioned in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Life in the lively pushing city on the Wabash, with its many cosy homes, fine public buildings and general air of prosperity and enterprise, is very pleasant, and recently many of its citizens feel that it has assumed new charms since rheumatism has been robbed of its terrors.

This great benefaction, however, is not one which rejoices this particular Lafayette alone, but it has been given to other Lafayettes as well, and to the world. Athlophoros is the magic remedy which drives away rheumatism and neuralgia, and Lafayette has only shown its characteristic enterprise in recognizing the new cure's many virtues. Among those whom it has benefited is Mrs. Francis Heath, of No. 79 Ferry street, an old resident and the mother of banker Heath. In answer to one who recently called on her to learn the facts in the case she gave this account:

"I have had rheumatic pains in my feet for a number of years. They affected me at times so that it was with much difficulty that I could walk, especially in going down stairs. Athlophoros was first recommended to me by Bishop Bowman. I did not get it at that time, but kept trying other medicines. It was again recommended to me by a lady. I then sent for and bought a bottle. I took a dose, and it seemed to me as if I could feel it go through my system until it came directly to the sore spot. It felt just as a little stream of water looks when during its course it comes in contact with a pebble. One or the other must give way. The water may run around the stone, but that was not the way Athlophoros did. It did not go around the pain, but drove it away. The relief was almost instantaneous. While I am getting along in years and cannot expect to get rid entirely of these pains at once, yet a small dose of Athlophoros in a little cream—the way in which I find most pleasant to take it—relieves the pain immediately."

Mr. Baldridge, who is in the real estate and insurance business at No. 9½ South Third street, and who lives at No. 17 North Sixth street, happening to be passing while Mrs. Heath was speaking, she called him in and he gladly told how he had been cured of rheumatism by Athlophoros.

"I was just about to start down to my office one morning last winter," he said, "when a terrible pain took me right in the hip and then ran down the sciatic nerve as quick as lightning. It was with much pain and distress that I managed to get down to my office at all. My business being such that it was necessary for me to be at the office every day, I was obliged to hobble along and get there the best I could. I suffered for some time in this way, trying all kinds of remedies, but nothing seemed to check the disease until I commenced using Athlophoros. The first four doses gave me relief. I only used one bottle, and am perfectly well, as you see me now. I have never had any return of the pain since I took the Athlophoros."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will sent it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York

DeLAND & CO'S



SALERATUS
SODA
Best in the World.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON,
PLUMBERS
Steam and Gas Fitters.
—DEALERS IN—
GAS FIXTURES!
Main Street, East of Clinton,
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Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe
Lift and Force Pumps,
Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls
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Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, 76 Calhoun Street.
Residence, 69 West Wayne Street

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

Benson's Capcine Plasters are widely imitated. That is the fact. Now, why are they imitated? Because they are the only porous plaster in existence that is really trustworthy and valuable. Benson's Plasters are highly and scientifically medicated, and cure in a few hours, ailments upon which no others had any effect whatever. The public are therefore cautioned against plasters bearing the names of "Capsicin," or "Capsicum," "Capsicine," or "Capucin," which are meant to pass for "Capcine" (please note the difference) and also against plasters bearing the names "Benton's" "Burton's," etc. When buying, ask distinctly for Benson's Plaster and protect yourself by a personal examination. The genuine has the word "Capcine" cut or porcused in the body of the plaster and the "Three Seals" trade-mark on the face cloth. 28daw-4w

The Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING

THE SENTINEL BUILDING,
NO. 107 CALHOUN ST
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK.
MAIL SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS & EIGHTY CENTS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
THE SENTINEL IS THE ONLY EVENING PAPER IN FORT WAYNE THAT GIVES THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND ORDERS TO
E. A. K. HACKETT,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

SATURDAY. JAN. 2, 1886.

SALVATION.

Cast Off the Works of Darkness and Put on the Armor of Light;

For the Night is Far Spent and the Day is at Hand.

An Invocation to Prepare at Once for the Life to Come.

Sunday night being the last Sabbath night of the year 1885, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The hymn sung was:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger."

The preacher took his text from Romans, chapter xiii., verse 2: "Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." Following is the discourse in full:

A MOMENTOUS HOUSE.

While this morning with glad anthem we celebrated the Christmas hour, has it occurred to you that this is the last Sabbath night of grand, and beautiful, and eventful, and joyous, and solemn 1885? The occasion is mightily suggestive. Starting out on a long journey on horseback, you ride along without stopping for many a mile until, after awhile, you come on top of a high hill. You rein in the steed. The horse smokes by reason of the length of the way. You take your feet out of the stirrups. You turn around in the saddle. You look off upon the ravine through which you have passed and the hills over which you have come, and make an estimate of how many miles you have traveled. Then, turning around again in the saddle, and putting your feet again in the stirrups, you look ahead and wonder how far it will be before you come to the place of destination. And so to-day we come upon the Sabbatic Mount of Privilege. No horseman ever spurred on a steed faster then we have gone up the steeps of life and down the dangerous declivities; but, having come here to-day, we stop and look back upon the way which we have come—the darkness and the sunshine, the accidents and the successes—and then look forward and wonder how long or how short will yet be the way. And sitting and standing here, the hour seems to me, as to you it must be, momentous. I put my finger on the pulse of this moment, and I feel that it beats high and eternal destinies. You and I have started on in a life which will continue to live after the sun has gone out cold in death and this wrecked and foundered world shall have strewn its timbers on the coast of an eternal desolation. Oh, it is a mean question for me to ask myself and you to-day, "Where am I? What am I? Whence came I? And whither am I bound?" The simple fact is that each one of us has a soul to save. Now, when any man in olden times had saved the life of a Roman citizen from drowning, for instance, that man who rescued the unfortunate was honored. He was allowed sometimes to sit in the senate; he was allowed to ride in great processions; and when he entered a room the people would rise up to greet him and do him honor. I would to God that to-night we might aspire for the higher honor of saving a soul—an immortal soul.

WAKE UP.

There are three or four reasons that I can think of why we should obey the injunction of my text and wake up. The first arousing consideration that occurs to my mind is the fact that there are so many obstacles in the way of our salvation. Now, there is no need of our hiding this fact. We sometimes hear people talking to the unconverted and saying: "It is just as easy for you to become a christian as it is to turn over your hand." It is not. There are tremendous obstacles in the way of your becoming a christian and every man that has tried in thorough earnestness to become a child of God has found that there are obstacles. That is not a wise general who depreciates the force of an enemy—who says to his men: "My troops, you will have an easy time of it. Those castles can be captured without any very serious bombardment. There are only few enemies in that opposing host. It will only be a few moments' assault and we will gain the victory." No. A wise general says: "Those are strong battlements. Those men who are coming out to assault us are armed, and they are brave men. If you ever capture those fortresses and if you ever overcome that host, it will be by a mighty rallying of all your energies. And I have to tell you now that if you are ever going to get to heaven it will be by going out in a contest as one against a hundred, as one against a thousand, one against a hundred thousand. Aye, it is an infinite impossibility that you ever succeed by any strength or resolution of your own, and if there were not some supernatural aid to be offered and some divine promise to take hold of we would be lost and we would all be lost.

WORLDLY OBSTACLES.

In the first place, there are the obstacles in the worldliness that surrounds you. I need not tell you, men of Brooklyn and New York, that there is a tide of worldliness setting away from God and from heaven. You have felt it. You have waded down in it until the flood came to your knee, until it came to your girdle, until it has come to your lip. You rise in the morning. You find it is a few moments later than you thought it was. You are in great haste. You hurry through the morning meal. You race down the street. You go to your office. You open the letters and answer them. You examine the money market. You run hither and thither. Your life is a toil and a turmoil. The long day, save the fifteen or twenty minutes in which you lunch, is given up to the influence of this world, and it is very rare indeed that from 8 o'clock in the morning until four or five in the afternoon you have a single thought about the great future. Some thought may, while you are standing at the counter or in the banking house—some stray thought of the future world may come through your mind, but it darts out again, just like a swallow that in summer time wheels into the open window, makes a circuit of a few minutes and then goes out. O, this tide of worldliness! You have felt it. It sets away from God and away from heaven. You know it.

OBSTACLES OF EVIL.

Then there are obstacles in the way of your getting to heaven in Satanic and infernal assault. The air is full of evil spirits. They accost you. They meet you at the cross roads. They tell you the wrong road. They try to unhorse your good resolutions, to spike your guns, to outflank you in every christian movement; and if you are ever successful at all in gaining the realm of everlasting bliss it will be by rallying all your physical, mental and moral energies—aye, it will be by calling upon the Lord Almighty by His infinite and omnipotent grace to help you. And yet, if there were a single man in all this audience who should suddenly have come upon him the impression that he was going to miss heaven, there would go up a shriek louder than that which is heard between colliding rail trains. There is no man who expects to miss heaven. But how are you going to get over all these obstacles? I ask you as reasonable men if the impediments in the way ought not to arouse you.

ANOTHER AWAKENING CONSIDERATION

Is in the value of the soul. Theodoric forbade the debasing of the national coin. They say: "We ought to debase it. We can mix something else in it and it will be just as good." "No," said Theodoric, the emperor, "I will not have my face imprinted on a debased coin." Here we are; the image of God has been impressed upon our soul, and yet it has been debased and has become a counterfeit. We have all sinned, and we are all lost unless divine grace rescue and redeem us. Now, here is the soul. What is it worth? Is there not something in its value to arouse us? I sometimes hear people compare the soul in value to a mine. That is a very poor comparison, for the silver and gold in the mine will melt after awhile and be of no more value than the scoria spit out from Cotopaxi, while these jewels of the soul will exist as long as there are vases in eternity to hold them. Might I not rather take a scales? They are rightly adjusted. The two sides are just even now. I hold up the balances. On the one side of the scale I put in simply a soul nothing else at all, no trappings, but simply a naked soul. That is on one side of the balances. On the other side of the balances I put this world, with all its riches and honors and gains, a ponderous world. But that world rises, that side goes up, while the other side, in which is the soul, comes down with ten thousand millions tons weight. It is an immortal soul. It is a priceless soul. It is caged now. It beats sometimes against the wires of the cage and tries to escape, but it cannot; but, let once the door of that cage be opened the thousandth part of an inch, as it will be after a while opened, let it be opened ever so little and that soul goes out, taking fifty worlds at a bound. Oh! "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

Another arousing consideration I find in the brevity of the time in which we have to prepare for the next world. How long it took to complete the East river bridge! Twelve or thirteen years. If it had taken twenty years from the time the foundation stone was laid, it would not have been long for so magnificent a structure. How long was St Peter's in building? Scores and hundreds of years. And St. Paul's is not done yet. If there is a vast work to be done you expect it will take a long while to do it. Now here, they tell us, is a temple of holiness to be built in every man's soul. How long are you going to give us to build that temple? A thousand years? "O, no," you say, "you cant have so much as that." Nor seven hundred, nor five hundred, nor three hundred, nor two hundred, nor one hundred, and some of us will not have sixty, and some of us will not have fifty, and some of us will not have thirty, and some of us will not have twenty—to build this great temple. O! how vast the work and how short the time to do it!

HUMANITY'S RAPID PROCESSION.

When will this procession that you see every afternoon from two to four o'clock stop? This long procession going out towards the cemeteries. Not until all these merchants have gone out of their stores, and all these mechanics have gone out of their shops, and all these artists have gone out of their studios, and all these mothers have left their cradles, and all this city shall be emptied of this present population. The procession will keep going on until all those who are here this night shall have joined it in silence. O, how brief life is! We talk about it until it gets a stale truth; but sometimes God strikes it on the soul with such vehemence that we are roused up. My brother, a missionary in China, was telling me of an instrument that they had at work in China during the insurrection for the beheading of men. He said it worked a stroke something like that (indicating), and at every stroke one life went, and another, and another. And I thought to myself, that is just like the stroke of the minutes. In just that way the generations pass off. Certainly, as quickly as that. A life—another, is gone, and another, and another, and another, and another, and another, and another. The waves of humanity dash up on that other beach in quick succession. Every stroke of the heart says: "Be quick!" The revolution of the seasons: "Be quick!" The coming of the morning, the dropping of the night: "Be quick!"

ANOTHER POINT TO CONSIDER.

Another arousing consideration I find in the glory to be won. Paul was very fond of comparing the christian life to a foot-race. Those foot-races have gone out of fashion. But you have seen racing and you know that very often the speed of the driver and his horse is influenced by the wager. He knows when it is a large wager and a small wager. Two steamers start for Liverpool, and it is known that the one that makes the quickest trip gets the job of carrying the United States mail. Will not the fact that the contract will be given to the swiftest vessel, somehow influence the speed of those ships? Now, I say, we are started in a race, and ought not the fact that there vast emoluments, great gains, a crown of glory that fadeth not away before us—ought not these considerations to inspirit us by the way? O, blessed land! If you were offered in the gospel merely a bunch of withered flowers—if you were offered merely the dregs of a wine cup, I would not be surprised if you felt uninterested in the result; but when I tell you of the joys that are offered you through the Gospel, I do not see how you can stop a moment in the race. I do not see why you do not put forth redoubled strength that you may gain the prize. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to the living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,"

"Blessed are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime."

THERE IS ANOTHER

A rousing consideration in this subject, and that is that so many have made shipwreck of their opportunity who had as good chances as we have. A man takes a good deal of responsibility when he says in regard to any one who goes out of this world; "That man is lost." There is a way of calculating the extinction of physical life. The physician comes in, examines the eye, puts his hand under the arm, feels the pulse and says: "Life is extinct; the man is gone." But there is no such accurate way of deciding in this world in regard to the death of a soul. But I will say this: "That if you know a man who lives on without any interest in Jesus Christ and is careless in regard to his immortal destiny, and that man lives in that carelessness all the way along until his last hour, and you never hear him say one word of penitence or give any expression of faith, or say anything in regard to the eternal world or his preparations for it, if he dies in silence in reference to all these subjects—I will say in regard to that man, it is a warning to you and me. Young people, where are those who entered school with you four years ago? Graduates of colleges, where are those who took the diploma with you on the same commencement day? Business men, where are those who started in commercial life with you twenty years ago? "Well," you say, "some of them have passed off." There is a business man sitting here who had a partner who left the world, and now he thinks over that case. He says: "That man lived on without any concern about the future world and suddenly he died." Well, I come to you to-day, and I say: "What do you suppose was that man's destiny? Where do you suppose he is?" Well, you are embarrassed. You say: "I wouldn't like to take the responsibility." Well, I say, "you are not bound to take any responsibility, I want your opinion as to where he is," and again you resist the question. You don't want to take the responsibility. Oh! I wonder if when we are dead there will be any awful guessing about where we have gone. Those men sat under the same gospel. They sang the same songs. They had the same opportunities of salvation. They rejected them. You sit under the same advantages, and you are going through precisely the same process, and I ask if it is not an arousing consideration for you and me. The day will come when you and I will have to quit this life. We may be stalwart to-day, we may not have an ache or a pain; we may be exuberant in our physical health, but our common sense tells us that there will have to come a time when we will put our heads to the pillow and die. Oh! if in that hour you hear the upbraidings of conscience and the reverberations of a broken law, and the thunders of God's anathemas, you will wish you had never been born; why not come out to-night and have this matter gloriously settled? If there be anything in Christ and a bright hope of heaven, why not come and get it? It is yours if you will have it. In the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, I plainly offer it. Pardon for all your sin. Comfort for all your trouble. Help for all your burdens. The gospel that I preach is not one of destruction, but a gospel of salvation.

CORONATION.

Pertinax heard one night pounding at his palace door some messengers, who wanted to get in. He said to himself; "They have come to take my life," and he trembled, and he refused to open the door. They kept on pounding and pounding away until he almost fainted with fright, but after a while, plucking up courage and girding on his sword, and putting his hand on the hilt, he had the door opened, when lo! the messengers had come to offer him a crown. They said: "The king died one hour ago of apoplexy and you have been chosen to be his successor, and we have come to offer you the crown." O! I thought how much like that is our rejection of the Gospel, as though it were a matter of overthrow, when it is a matter of coronation. Not to slay, but to enthrone. If this moment by giving up your sin squarely and fairly—I do not take the responsibility of saying what your sin is, I do not know—if you would honestly this moment give up your sin and take Christ, the news would fly heavenward, and would strike seraphic harps, and angels bending in the sky, and ministering spirits flying on errands of salvation would join wing to wing and wing to wing, while they cried: "Behold! he prays!"

Episcopal Methodist.

Warranted not to contain a single particle of mercury or any injurious or mineral substance, but to consist entirely of medical roots and herbs, which is the reason Simmens Liver Regulator is so effectual yet so harmless.

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THE CENTURY
for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the war papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the civil war have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEO. W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; historical papers by Edward Eggleston and others; papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical articles, practical and popular, on "Siderial Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyeson, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston and others, and poems by leading poets. The departments, "Open Letters," "Brick-a-Brack" etc., will be fully sustained.

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11 00 am—Lv.	Cin. & L. Mail	Ar.—4 00 pm
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5 25 am	11 00 am
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The 8 33 train does not run Monday. Leaves at 6 pm Monday.

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Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:40 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:50 pm.
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2 45 am—Lv.	Mail and Ex.	—Lv.— 1 00 pm
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3 05 pm "	Express	" 12 10 am

Accommodation train arrives from the south 6:35 p m.
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Trains daily except Sunday.

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[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 45 am—Ar.	Cincinnati Ex.	—Lv.
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The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, 1886. PRICE THREE CENTS

ABLAZE!

Destruction of the Great Seed Warehouse of Ferry & Co.

White's Theater, the Windsor Block, the Wesson Block, and Smaller Buildings Also Burned.

The Loss Not Less than a Million and a Half of Dollars; Insurance $490,000.

A NEW YEAR'S BLAZE.

D. M. Ferry's Immense Seed Establishment Burned.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DETROIT, Jan. 2.—D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed establishment was reported burning yesterday.

At 9 o'clock the whole fire department was called out by a fire in D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed store, on Lafayette street, in this city. The flames spread rapidly, and at that hour the entire building was a mass of flames. The loss will be heavy.

The fire has spread to the box department on the opposite Fayette street. White's theater is in flames, and seems doomed. The entire seed store, an immense four story brick building, is totally consumed. The insurance on the D. M. Ferry block is $600,000.

Both Ferry's block and White's theatre were without inner walls and proved a great fold for the flames. At 10:45 White's [illegible] fell, killing Captain Faulbert instantly. The men were just coming down from the ladder and a large number narrowly escaped death.

Definite figures of losses can not be given, but the total will reach not less $1,500,000. The stock alone in Ferry & Co.'s is estimated to have been worth from $100,000 to $120,000, and their building was valued at $250,000.

A JOINT DEAL

On the Irish Home Rule Question.

By Cable to THE SENTINEL.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The Pall Mall *Gazette* this afternoon says that it is able to announce that Gladstone is ready to entertain feasible proposals from Marquis Salisbury to jointly concert for settlement the home rule question. The *Gazette* urges a coalition of liberals and conservatives to deal with the subject of home rule.

The union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia has been agreed on.

A Murderer Arrested.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

POPULAR BLUFF, Mo., Jan. 2.—Tom Archer, charged with the murder of John B. Bunch, near Shoals, Martin county, Ind., in 1881, was arrested here Thursday night.

Sunday Theatricals.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 2.—Oliver Doud Byron was this morning convicted in the police court of violating the law in giving theatrical performances on Sunday. He was not present and the sentence was not passed.

Puggy O'Leary.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Judge Shepard sentenced Cornelius alias "Puggy O'Leary," the brutal murderer of his mistress and his sister, to forty years imprisonment.

The Last of Them.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DETROIT, Jan. 2.—The Enoch murder case has been brought into prominence again by the sudden death of Mrs. Elizabeth Enoch, mother of the ill-fated family. She feared she had to make a statement and killed herself.

Death of Mr. John Ring.

The sad news of Mr. John Ring's death Thursday afternoon is probably already known and certainly deeply regretted. Nearly two weeks ago he was stricken with paralysis and congestion of the brain, from which he never rallied, and has been slowly dying. Mr. Ring was born in Perry county, Ohio, July 15 1829, and came to this county in 1859. In 1852 he was married to Miss Sarah Gordon, and went first to Wisconsin, holding for a time a position in the general land office at Madison. When he came to this county he settled in Pleasant township, on a farm in the midst of the woods, and lived there until he was elected county treasurer. At the expiration of his second term of office he purchased a farm in Adams township, where he lived until the time of his death. Mr. Ring was universally liked and was faithful to every trust and friendship reposed in him.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, in his sermon at the Cathedral yesterday, feelingly referred to Mr. Ring and his many christian virtues. His funeral occurs Monday morning. The cortege will leave the house at 8 o'clock and be at the Cathedral at 9. Hon. Edward O'Rourke, County Commissioner John Brannan, Officer Steve Fletcher, James Fox, James Summers and Patrick Hunt have been chosen pall bearers. Mr. Ring leaves but his wife and her neice, an adopted daughter, to mourn his loss as a husband and father. He was a member of the Cathedral sodality and Irish Catholic Benevolent society and both will attend his funeral.

Mr. Moynihan was long a resident of this city and went south with Mr. J. S. Finkenbeiner, [illegible] in the sewing machine business. He is a brother of the city editor of THE SENTINEL.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Wheat opened firm, but declined ¼@½c with poor business. No. 2 red, January, 91¼@92½c. Corn, ½@¾c higher, firm and quiet. Mixed Western, 42@51½c.

Money easy at 2@3 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Wheat, 84¼ cash. Corn, 36¾ cash and Jan. Oats, 29¾ cash. Rye, 58¼. Barley, 62. Flaxseed, $1 12¾. Whisky, $1 16. Pork, easy, $9 45 cash and January. Lard, $6 05 cash.

Small Talk.

The Grant monument fund begins the new year with $113,215 to its credit.

The estate of the late Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, figures up over $3,000,000.

Judge Sidney Smith has abandoned the contest against Carter H. Harrison for the mayoralty of Chicago.

RELIGIOUS.

Do not fail to read Talmage's sermon. It is good from beginning to end.

Regular services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All are invited.

Trinity Episcopal church. Services at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited. Mr. H. B. Sayner will sing the offertory solo at the morning service.

Revival services at Trinity M. E. church, north side, to-morrow morning and evening. Sermon at 10:30 a. m. Subject, "Reconsecration." Revival services at 7 p. m., introduced by a half hour's song service. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

Grace Reformed church. Services conducted by the pastor, both morning and evening. Morning subject, "Swordless Victory for '86." Evening subject, "Where Art Thou?" All are cordially welcome. Services will be continued throughout the week, every evening, it being the week of prayer. Come and welcome to all these.

"Looking into the New Year" is the subject of Pastor Northrop's sermon to-morrow evening at the Baptist church. "Three Dangers of the Day" is the topic of his address at the young men's service at 3 o'clock, and "Instant in Prayer" is the the subject of the morning discourse. Come and welcome. Room for all will be secured by polite ushers.

Services to-morrow at Simpson M. E. church. Morning subject, "The Master's Stewards;" evening subject, "The Second Advent of Christ." Social meetings at 9:30 and 11:30 and Sunday school at 2:30. Our house is comfortable and all are invited. We are glad to meet strangers. Corner of Harrison and Dawson streets, south Fort Wayne.

Quarterly meeting services will be held at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by the pastor, Rev. F. G. Browne. Subject, "The prosperity of the church." At 7:30 p. m. Rev. C. W. Lynch, presiding elder of the Fort Wayne district, will preach. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the conclusion of the morning service. All are cordially invited.

"The Promise of the Father" is the topic for the sermon to-morrow morning at Christian chapel, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets. The lecture in the evening is upon "The Creed of the Christian Church." The pastor, Geo. P. Slade, will deliver a lecture each evening during the week. The lectures commence at 7:45 o'clock. These lectures are free and all who can are requested to attend.

SUPERINTENDENT STEVENS,

Of the Wabash, Returns Thanks to the Employes.

The heads of the departments of the Wabash in this city, this morning received the following personal card of thanks from Supt. G. W. Stevens:

PERU, Ind., January 1, 1886.

To All Employes Eastern Division:

At the beginning of the New Year, I adopt this method to thank each and every employe on the division, for the faithful and intelligent manner in which they have performed their duties during the year that has passed, resulting in the property being in a better condition physically than it has been for years and with a freedom from accidents, resulting from carelessness, that is very gratifying to the management and the public.

I trust that every man will aim to make the record of 1886 as favorable.

G. W. STEVENS,
Superintendent.

The Week of Prayer.

The union of the churches during the week of prayer has been highly beneficial and a source of spiritual profit in years past, and therefore by previous arrangement at the ministers' meeting a week ago, it was concluded to carry out the usual program laid down by the Evangelical Alliance. The services will be held in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian church next week, beginning on Monday, Jan. 4, at 2 o'clock and will continue each day at the same hour. The following topics, with leaders' names and dates, are given for reference and ready access:

MONDAY.

"Praise and Thanksgiving," led by Rev. S. A. Northrop and Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D.

TUESDAY.

"Humiliation and Confession," led by Rev. Brown and Rev. J. Fisher.

WEDNESDAY.

"Home and Foreign Missions," Rev. Geo. P. Slade and Rev. Chas. F. Kriete, leaders.

THURSDAY.

"The Church and the Family," Rev. E. A. Hazeltine and Rev. T. J. Bacher, leaders.

FRIDAY.

"Nations and Governments," Rev. Paynter and Rev. J. K. Waltz, leaders.

SATURDAY

"The Christian Life," Rev. J. P. Steward and Rev. W. H. McFarland, leaders.

The attendance will be large and the interest more than ordinary, and is to be hoped that the results will be more than satisfactory to the churches of our city and finally to the advancement of vital christianity in our city.

A Letter from Iowa.

WILLIAMSTOWN, IOWA, Dec. 28.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

As I am a subscriber to THE SENTINEL I will give you a few lines for publication, if you think it worthy of the same, as I have lived the greater part of my life in old Allen, the banner county of Indiana. I was born in Sandusky county, Ohio, in 1842. When I was about three years old my parents moved to Milan township, Allen county, Ind., and lived there until the spring of 1864, when they moved to Springfield township and bought a farm near the town of Maysville. I lived with my father, Mr. L. D. George, tilling the old farm, until the fall of 1879, when with my wife I moved to Fort Wayne, working for the Pittsburg road until March, 1881. Then we moved to Richland township, Chickasaw county, Iowa, and are living to-day six miles from the county seat.

I am well pleased with the country, but it is not like Indiana. The seasons are shorter, but the winters are as a general thing longer and more severe. It is not as much of a country for grain as it is for stock raising. If any man wants to raise stock for a living this is a better country than Indiana. Wheat in this county last season was almost a failure.

I have been engaged in the bee business for the past four years. Last season was very poor; I had only a little over seven thousand pounds of extracted honey. Two years ago we had upwards of fifteen thousand pounds, which sold at 10 cents a pound. We are wintering 188 colonies of bees this winter.

MILO GEORGE.

The butcher does have some funny expressions; he told his assistant the other day to break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him, and tell Mrs. Black to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for her cold.

CROOKS CAGED.

Officer Sheridan Makes a Clever Haul--Two Other Arrests.

Last night Officer Sheridan put irons on Mike Gillen, at the south depot. He is wanted for burglary and robbery at Lagrange and the officers came after him this morning. Gillen has lived here and has been recognized as a crook, although his brother, Conductor Gillen, is a clever fellow. A telegram said Gillen was wanted and Mr. Sheridan responded with his man.

Deputy United States Marshal Wilkinson arrested J. H. Barnes at Kendallville to-day. Barnes represented himself as a federal inspector and turned several small republican postmasters out of office in Noble county. He came down to Kendallville after this good work and did some crooked pension business. Barnes is in jail here and although a slick fellow will find Uncle Sam stern.

A Card.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

Will you kindly submit the following questions?

1. What amount of county orders are held by the Hamilton National bank?
2. Does not this bank now hold over $65,000 of these orders?
3. Were they not bought at a discount? Did not the bank purchase them at from 95 to 98 cents on the dollar and do they not bear interest at 6 per cent. or their full face value?
4. How much will this funding reduce the profits of said bank?

I am in search of light. CITIZEN.

In reply to the above I am afforded an opportunity to support my views in regard to the inexpediency of funding the county orders as is contemplated.

1. The Hamilton National bank holds about $55,000 of county orders, and it got at least two-thirds of these by giving *the poor people from all over this county par for their poor orders*, then waiting frequently several weeks for a session of the commissioners to obtain a county order. Few of our orders have been bought at a discount not below 98 cents, and one year ago county orders were taken at par.

2. The redemption of orders will not injure our profits, for we can easily loan all our money at 8 per cent., and if we buy government bonds they are always convertible at a moment's notice into cash.

I have no personal interest to subserve and will be glad when county orders and county debts are a thing of the past. So will such large tax-payers as Hon. A. H. Hamilton, A. C. Trentman, Fred Eckert, T. B. Hedekin, Jesse L. Williams, Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Rothschild Brothers and many others who own the stock of the Hamilton National bank. A small bonded debt, if it is necessary, which I think is doubtful, kept at home among tax payers, is better than a large bonded debt abroad. Unless county affairs are managed more economically four years hence there will be as many orders afloat as at present.

CHARLES MCCULLOCH.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Alfred Urbine to Jacob Colter, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 28, Lake township, for $750.

Jacob Colter to Chas. H. Keiler, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 29 Lake township, for $750.

Wm. Hoverstock to Margaret J. Silvers, by administrators' deed, part of section 36, Pleasant township, for $1,610.

Wm. Fleming to Samuel J. Stiver, by warranty deed, part of section 32, Scipio township, for $400.

Wm. Fleming to Jacob Phillips, by warranty deed, part of section 32, Scipio township, for $400.

Amasa S. Robinson to Nancy Shaffer, by warranty deed, lots 33 and 34, Swift's addition to Monroeville, for $1,000.

President Shober's Party.

"The Tri-State Musical Union Association, organized at Fort Wayne about two years ago, is to send delegates to this place on Tuesday next, to fix upon a time and place to hold their annual convention the coming summer. Now that we are attempting to make Warsaw a summer resort, and as by that time some work will be done towards accomplishing that enterprise, we hope our citizens will extend to all such organizations all possible favors. In this case fifteen or twenty bands belong to the association. It is not a band tournament but a musical organization for self improvement and pleasure," says the Warsaw *Times*.

For neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, gout, swellings, burns, wounds, etc., the best remedy is Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

RATHER STARTLING.

Mrs. Laz Hirsh, a Fort Wayne Lady, Divorced from Her Cruel Husband.

This dispatch to the Chicago *Times* explains itself:

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan., 2.—The Hebrew society of this city was much astonished Thursday morning that late the evening before, Mrs. Lazarus Hirsh had appeared, by her attorney, before Judge Vinton, where her husband's attorneys were in waiting, and a divorce was granted to Mrs. Hirsh on the charge of cruel treatment. Mrs. Hirsh was given $5,000 alimony and the possession of her son, while the husband takes the girl. Mrs. Hirsh will hereafter make her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lauferty, of Fort Wayne. The divorce creates considerable talk as the couple have been married for over fifteen years.

The Lafayette *Courier* says: "It will be a great surprise to even the most intimate friends of the interested parties to learn that Mr. and Mrs Laz Hirsh have been divorced. The decree was quietly granted yesterday afternoon, when the couple, with their attorneys, Coffroth & Stuart, met Judge Vinton by appointment and settled the matter among themselves. Mrs. Hirsh gets $5,000 alimony and the custody of their son Oscar, eleven years of age, whom she promises to maintain and educate at her own expense. Mr. Hirsh takes charge of their daughter Julia Beatrice. The complaint averred that the parties were married August 2, 1870 and that they lived together until August 7, 1885, fifteen years. Of this marriage there were born two children, aged respectively, Julia Beatrice, 14, Oscar, 11. The complaint sets forth cruel treatment, and asks for $5,000 alimony and the custody of their children. Since their separation last August, Mrs. Hirsh, whose maiden name was Sarah Lauferty, has been living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lauferty, of Fort Wayne. Mr. Hirsh has been up to visit her several times during the autumn, and she has been here on one or two occasions, and it was intimated that they were endeavoring to secure suitable residence property here, in which to go to housekeeping, they having occupied rooms at the Lahr house for the past two or three years. This morning Mrs. Hirsh left for Fort Wayne, with Oscar, their future home. Her father is an old and respected citizen of that city, a wealthy banker. The many friends of the couple will deeply deplore the necessity for such a step as the one taken."

Fort Wayne People at Decatur.

"Miss Fannie Winch, of Fort Wayne, spent the holidays in this city, the guest of Miss Maggie Dorwin. W. J. Vesey and family, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Judge Studabaker and family during the holidays.—Robert Blackburn and family, of Fort Wayne, spent a portion of the holidays in this city visiting friends and relatives.—Mrs. Francis Wright and son Tommy, of Fort Wayne are visiting friends in this city.—William Fitzgerald and family, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of the Misses Fitzgeralds during the past week.—Mrs. Geary, of Fort Wayne, mother of William Geary, of this place, in company with a niece, has been spending the holidays here with her son," says the Decatur *Democrat*.

Serious Collision on the Wabash.

Wednesday evening, as the east bound passenger train on the Wabash pulled into Buck Creek, near Lafayette, the baggage car struck the cylinder of the west bound accommodation engine, which had side-tracked and run down too close to the switch, knocking it into an adjacent cornfield and damaging the engine so badly that a new engine had to be sent for. The coaches on the passenger were all damaged more or less by the accident, and the dining car was rendered useless and was taken off.

Fire at Huntington.

Fire last Wednesday night destroyed the frame building owned by E. T. Taylor at Huntington, and occupied by Christ Haffner as a grocery and bakery, and damaged the meat market adjoining. Loss about $3,000, with $3,300 insurance in the North American, Springfield, and other companies. Mr. Haffner was a former citizen of Fort Wayne.

Withered Flowers.

The chilling blasts of winter quickly wither the flowers and they fall. So does it affect the human family, and if precautionary measures are not taken, being chilled is followed by evil results. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

WITHOUT A PAPER.

Thad Butler Removes from Andrews, the Prospective Metropolis (?) of the Wabash.

With Thursday's issue the Andrews *Express* was a thing of the past, and in his farewell announcement Mr. Butler acknowledges what THE SENTINEL has always asserted and he so strenuously denied and thereby induced many citizens of Fort Wayne to dispose of their property here and purchase homes in swamps of Andrews, which they are now sacrificing, that Andrews as the future metropolis of the Wabash is a failure.

He says: "Three years and a half ago, relying upon the promises of the Wabash railway, the publishers of the *Express* entered upon the publication of this paper. They came here hoping to establish a permanent business and one which would afford them a comfortable living. The town promised well—business was active—buildings sprang up on every hand. The company had matured the plans and laid the foundation for extensive shops, which, when completed, would have assured a population of from four to six thousand.

"Like hundreds of other citizens, we were doomed to disappointment. Colonel Andrews was relieved as general superintendent of the road; the division building framed, and ready for raising, was abandoned, and the construction of the contemplated railroad shops was stopped. For the past two years we have struggled against adverse circumstances, being compelled to "bank upon our prospects" to maintain our business. We see no immediate prospects for improvement, and now find it necessary to make a change in our business or encounter financial ruin."

The *Express* plant will be moved to Huntington and consolidated with the *News* of that city, and established as a full fledged republican paper in opposition to the *Herald*.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There was a tremendous attendance at the Academy matinee yesterday afternoon and last night almost 1,000 people were turned away. Standing room was sold and every inch of ground occupied. The play "Saved From the Storm" was cleverly given and will be repeated to-night. Messrs. Brady & Garwood have hit a popular cord and THE SENTINEL likes to know it.

"Hazel Kirke," by Harry Doel Parker's superb company, plays at the Academy Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, next week.

"Forgiven, or Jack 'o Diamonds" will be presented at the Temple Tuesday evening, by a powerful company. This play is pronounced one of the best and most enjoyable on the road.

A Fort Wayne Boy Prospering in the South.

"We dropped into the establishment of the firm of B. M. Perrows & Co. yesterday morning," says the Ashville (N. C.) *Citizen*, "to see them in their new quarters. Theirs is a "leaf factory" or "prize house," and the firm is largely engaged in buying leaf tobacco strictly on commission, not on speculation. Their orders are from the best and most responsible houses in the United States, and they have large orders ahead. Fine tobaccos are the speciality. Arrangements are being perfected, to be complete by next season, to handle foreign tobacco, and the erection of a large three-story building will be commenced soon as practicable.

Mr. Perrow is the buyer for the house, and his long experience and cultivated judgment gives him eminent qualifications for his duties. He is doing everything that labor and intelligence can effect to bring the Asheville market into prominence, and has sagacity enough to foresee the time when it will be one of the largest in the state of North Carolina. Mr. Martin H. Moynihan, one of the firm, attends principally to the indoor business, and is industrious and expert in the management of tobacco; so that the two partners work in happy concert, one being the perfect complement of the other.

Five years ago, 80,000 pounds of tobacco were sold on the Asheville market; no more. For the present month of December, the prospect of this firm is fair for the sale of 1,000,000 pounds."

Rev. W. O. Pierce and Dr. Markle, of Winchester, and Rev. George H. Hill, of South Whitley, were in the city yesterday, attending the meeting of the board of managers of the Methodist Company. The *Pulpit and Pew*, published by said company, will be issued as a bi-monthly the next year.

COMMON SENSE IN LAFAYETTE.

Lafayette, Ind., shares with twenty-three other cities and towns in the United States, the distinction of being named after the great French patriot who did so much for this country and his own, but it is alone in the honor of being mentioned in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Life in the lively pushing city on the Wabash, with its many cosy homes, fine public buildings and general air of prosperity and enterprise, is very pleasant, and recently many of its citizens feel that it has assumed new charms since rheumatism has been robbed of its terrors.

This great benefaction, however, is not one which rejoices this particular Lafayette alone, but it has been given to other Lafayettes as well, and to the world. Athlophoros is the magic remedy which drives away rheumatism and neuralgia, and Lafayette has only shown its characteristic enterprise in recognizing the new cure's many virtues. Among those whom it has benefited is Mrs. Francis Heath, of No. 79 Ferry street, an old resident and the mother of banker Heath. In answer to one who recently called on her to learn the facts in the case she gave this account:

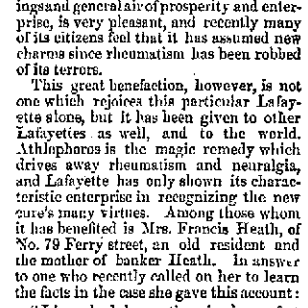
"I have had rheumatic pains in my feet for a number of years. They affected me at times so that it was with much difficulty that I could walk, especially in going down stairs. Athlophoros was first recommended to me by Bishop Bowman. I did not get it at that time, but kept trying other medicines. It was again recommended to me by a lady. I then sent for and bought a bottle. I took a dose, and it seemed to me as if I could feel it go through my system until it came directly to the sore spot. It felt just as a little stream of water looks when during its course it comes in contact with a pebble. One or the other must give way. The water may run around the stone, but that was not the way Athlophoros did. It did not go around the pain, but drove it away. The relief was almost instantaneous. While I am getting along in years and cannot expect to get rid entirely of these pains at once, yet a small dose of Athlophoros in a little cream—the way in which I find most pleasant to take it—relieves the pain immediately."

Mr. Baldridge, who is in the real estate and insurance business at No. 94 South Third street, and who lives at No. 17 North Sixth street, happening to be passing while Mrs. Heath was speaking, she called him in and he gladly told how he had been cured of rheumatism by Athlophoros.

"I was just about to start down to my office one morning last winter," he said, "when a terrible pain took me right in the hip and then ran down the sciatic nerve as quick as lightning. It was with much pain and distress that I managed to get down to my office at all. My business being such that it was necessary for me to be at the office every day, I was obliged to hobble along and get there the best I could. I suffered for some time in this way, trying all kinds of remedies, but nothing seemed to check the disease until I commenced using Athlophoros. The first four doses gave me relief. I only used one bottle, and am perfectly well, as you see me now. I have never had any return of the pain since I took the Athlophoros."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will sent it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHORUS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.

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Steam and Gas Fitters.

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Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

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DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 78 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 69 West Wayne Street

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

Henson's Capcine Plasters are widely imitated. That is the fact. Now, why are they imitated? Because they are the only porous plaster in existence that is really trustworthy and valuable. Benson's Plasters are highly and scientifically medicated, and cure in a few hours, ailments upon which no others had any effect whatever. The public are therefore cautioned against plasters bearing the names of "Capsicin," or "Capsicum," "Capsicine," or "Capsicin," which are meant to pass for "Capcine" (please note the difference) and also against plasters bearing the names "Benton's" "Burton's," etc. When buying, ask distinctly for Benson's Plaster and protect yourself by a personal examination. The genuine has the word "Capcine" cut or patented in the body of the plaster and the "Three Seals" trade-mark on the face cloth. 28daw-4w

The Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING

THE SENTINEL BUILDING.
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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK.
MAIL SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS & EIGHTY CENTS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
THE SENTINEL IS THE ONLY EVENING PAPER IN FORT WAYNE THAT GIVES THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND ORDERS TO
E. A. K. HACKETT,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886.

SALVATION.

Cast Off the Works of Darkness and Put on the Armor of Light;

For the Night is Far Spent and the Day is at Hand.

An Invocation to Prepare at Once for the Life to Come.

Sunday night being the last Sabbath night of the year 1885, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The hymn sung was:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger."

The preacher took his text from Romans, chapter xiii., verse 2: "Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." Following is the discourse in full:

A MOMENTOUS HOUSE.

While this morning with glad anthem we celebrated the Christmas hour, has it occurred to you that this is the last Sabbath night of grand, and beautiful, and eventful, and joyous, and solemn 1885? The occasion is mightily suggestive. Starting out on a long journey on horseback, you ride along without stopping for many a mile until, after awhile, you come on top of a high hill. You rein in the steed. The horse smokes by reason of the length of the way. You take your feet out of the stirrups. You turn around in the saddle. You look off upon the ravine through which you have passed and the hills over which you have come, and make an estimate of how many miles you have traveled. Then, turning around again in the saddle, and putting your feet again in the stirrups, you look ahead and wonder how far it will be before you come to the place of destination. And so to-day we come upon the Sabbatic Mount of Privilege. No horseman ever spurred on a steed faster then we have gone up the steeps of life and down the dangerous declivities; but, having come here to-day, we stop and look back upon the way which we have come—the darkness and the sunshine, the accidents and the successes—and then look forward and wonder how long or how short will yet be the way. And sitting and standing here, the hour seems to me, as to you it must be, momentous. I put my finger on the pulse of this moment, and I feel that it beats high and eternal destinies. You and I have started on in a life which will continue to live after the sun has gone out cold in death and this wrecked and foundered world shall have strewn its timbers on the coast of an eternal desolation. Oh, it is a mean question for me to ask myself and you to-day, "Where am I? What am I? Whence came I? And whither am I bound?" The simple fact is that each one of us has a soul to save. Now, when any man in olden times had saved the life of a Roman citizen from drowning, for instance, that man who rescued the unfortunate was honored. He was allowed sometimes to sit in the senate; he was allowed to ride in great processions; and when he entered a room the people would rise up to greet him and do him honor. I would to God that tonight we might aspire for the higher honor of saving a soul—an immortal soul.

WAKE UP.

There are three or four reasons that I can think of why we should obey the injunction of my text and wake up. The first arousing consideration that occurs to my mind is the fact that there are so many obstacles in the way of our salvation. Now, there is no need of our hiding this fact. We sometimes hear people talking to the unconverted and saying: "It is just as easy for you to become a christian as it is to turn over your hand." It is not. There are tremendous obstacles in the way of your becoming a christian and every man that has tried in thorough earnestness to become a child of God has found that there are obstacles. That is not a wise general who depreciates the force of an enemy—who says to his men: "My troops, you will have an easy time of it. Those castles can be captured without any very serious bombardment. There are only few enemies in that opposing host. It will only be a few moments' assault and we will gain the victory." No. A wise general says: "Those are strong battlements. Those men who are coming out to assault us are armed, and they are brave men. If you ever capture those fortresses and if you ever overcome that host, it will be by a mighty rallying of all your energies. And I have to tell you now that if you are ever going to get to heaven it will be by going out in a contest as one against a hundred, as one against a thousand, one against a hundred thousand. Aye, it is an infinite impossibility that you ever succeed by any strength or resolution of your own, and if there were not some supernatural aid to be offered and some divine promise to take hold of we would be lost and we would all be lost.

WORLDLY OBSTACLES.

In the first place, there are the obstacles in the worldliness that surrounds you. I need not tell you, men of Brooklyn and New York, that there is a tide of worldliness setting away from God and from heaven. You have felt it. You have waded down in it until the flood came to your knee, until it came to your girdle, until it has come to your lip. You rise in the morning. You find it is a few moments later than you thought it was. You are in great haste. You hurry through the morning meal. You race down the street. You go to your office. You open the letters and answer them. You examine the money market. You run hither and thither. Your life is a toil and a turmoil. The long day, save the fifteen or twenty minutes in which you lunch, is given up to the influence of this world, and it is very rare indeed that from 8 o'clock in the morning until four or five in the afternoon you have a single thought about the great future. Some thought may, while you are standing at the counter or in the banking house—some stray thought of the future world may come through your mind, but it darts out again, just like a swallow that in summer time wheels into the open window, makes a circuit of a few minutes and then goes out. O, this tide of worldliness! You have felt it. It sets away from God and away from heaven. You know it.

OBSTACLES OF EVIL.

Then there are obstacles in the way of your getting to heaven in Satanic and infernal assault. The air is full of evil spirits. They accost you. They meet you at the cross roads. They tell you the wrong road. They try to unhorse your good resolutions, to spike your guns, to outflank you in every christian movement; and if you are ever successful at all in gaining the realm of everlasting bliss it will be by rallying all your physical, mental and moral energies—aye, it will be by calling upon the Lord Almighty by His infinite and omnipotent grace to help you. And yet, if there were a single man in all this audience who should suddenly have come upon him the impression that he was going to miss heaven, there would go up a shriek louder than that which is heard between colliding rail trains. There is no man who expects to miss heaven. But how are you going to get over all these obstacles? I ask you as reasonablemen if the impediments in the way ought not to arouse you.

ANOTHER AWAKENING CONSIDERATION

Is in the value of the soul. Theodoric forbade the debasing of the national coin. They say: "We ought to debase it. We can mix something else in it and it will be just as good." "No," said Theodoric, the emperor, "I will not have my face imprinted on a debased coin." Here we are; the image of God has been impressed upon our soul, and yet it has been debased and has become a counterfeit. We have all sinned, and we are all lost unless divine grace rescue and redeem us. Now, here is the soul. What is it worth? Is there not something in its value to arouse us? I sometimes hear people compare the soul in value to a mine. That is a very poor comparison, for the silver and gold in the mine will melt after awhile and be of no more value than the scoria spit out from Cotopaxi, while these jewels of the soul will exist as long as there are vases in eternity to hold them. Might I not rather take a scales? They are rightly adjusted. The two sides are just even now. I hold up the balances. On the one side of the scale I put in simply a soul nothing else at all, no trappings, but simply a naked soul. That is on one side of the balances. On the other side of the balances I put this world, with all its riches and honors and gains, a ponderous world. But that world rises, that side goes up, while the other side, in which is the soul, comes down with ten thousand millions tons weight. It is an immortal soul. It is a priceless soul. It is caged now. It beats sometimes against the wires of the cage and tries to escape, but it cannot; but, let once the door of that cage be opened the thousandth part of an inch, as it will be after a while opened, let it be opened over so little and that soul goes out, taking fifty worlds at a bound. Oh! "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

Another arousing consideration I find in the brevity of the time in which we have to prepare for the next world. How long it took to complete the East river bridge! Twelve or thirteen years. If it had taken twenty years from the time the foundation stone was laid, it would not have been long for so magnificent a structure. How long was St Peter's in building? Scores and hundreds of years. And St. Paul's is not done yet. If there is a vast work to be done you expect it will take a long while to do it. Now here, they tell us, is a temple of holiness to be built in every man's soul. How long are you going to give us to build that temple? A thousand years? "O, no," you say, "you cant have so much as that." Nor seven hundred, nor five hundred, nor three hundred, nor two hundred, nor one hundred, and some of us will not have sixty, and some of us will not have fifty, and some of us will not have thirty, and some of us will not have twenty—to build this great temple. Of how vast the work and how short the time to do it!

HUMANITY'S RAPID PROCESSION.

When will this procession that you see every afternoon from two to four o'clock stop? This long procession going out towards the cemeteries. Not until all these merchants have gone out of their stores, and all these mechanics have gone out of their shops, and all these artists have gone out of their studios, and all these mothers have left their cradles, and all this city shall be emptied of this present population. The procession will keep going on until all those who are here this night shall have joined it in silence. O, how brief life is! We talk about it until it gets a stale truth; but sometimes God strikes it on the soul with such vehemence that we are roused up. My brother, a missionary in China, was telling me of an instrument that they had at work in China during the insurrection for the beheading of men. He said it worked a stroke something like that (indicating), and at every stroke one life went, and another, and another. And I thought to myself, that is just like the stroke of the minutes. In just that way the generations pass off. Certainly, as quickly as that. A life—another, is gone, and another, and another, and another, and another, and another. The waves of humanity dash up on that other beach in quick succession. Every stroke of the heart says: "Be quick!" The revolution of the seasons: "Be quick!" The coming of the morning, the dropping of the night: "Be quick!"

ANOTHER POINT TO CONSIDER.

Another arousing consideration I find in the glory to be won. Paul was very fond of comparing the christian life to a foot-race. Those foot-races have gone out of fashion. But you have seen racing and you know that very often the speed of the driver and his horse is influenced by the wager. He knows when it is a large wager and a small wager. Two steamers start for Liverpool, and it is known that the one that makes the quickest trip gets the job of carrying the United States mail. Will not the fact that the contract will be given to the swiftest vessel, somehow influence the speed of those ships? Now, I say, we are started in a race, and ought not the fact that there vast emoluments, great gains, a crown of glory that fadeth not away before us—ought not these considerations to inspirit us by the way? O, blessed land! If you were offered in the gospel merely a bunch of withered flowers—if you were offered merely the dregs of a wine cup, I would not be surprised if you felt uninterested in the rest it; but when I tell you of the joys that are offered you through the Gospel, I do not see how you can stop a moment in the race. I do not see why you do not put forth redoubled strength that you may gain the prize. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to the living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,"

"Blessed are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime."

THERE IS ANOTHER

A rousing consideration in this subject, and that is that so many have made shipwreck of their opportunity who had as good chances as we have. A man takes a good deal of responsibility when he says in regard to any one who goes out of this world; "That man is lost." There is a way of calculating the extinction of physical life. The physician comes in, examines the eye, puts his hand under the arm, feels the pulse and says: "Life is extinct; the man is gone." But there is no such accurate way of deciding in this world in regard to the death of a soul. But I will say this: "That if you know a man who lives on without any interest in Jesus Christ and is careless in regard to his immortal destiny, and that man lives in that carelessness all the way along until his last hour, and you never hear him say one word of penitence or give any expression of faith, or say anything in regard to the eternal world or his preparations for it, if he dies in silence in reference to all these subjects—I will say in regard to that man, it is a warning to you and me. Young people, where are those who entered school with you four years ago? Graduates of colleges, where are those who took like diploma with you on the same commencement day? Business men, where are those who started in commercial life with you twenty years ago? "Well," you say, "some of them have passed off." There is a business man sitting here who had a partner who left the world, and now he thinks over that case. He says: "That man lived on without any concern about the future world and suddenly he died." Well, I come to you to-day, and I say: "What do you suppose was that man's destiny? Where do you suppose he is?" Well, you are embarrassed. You say: "I wouldn't like to take the responsibility." Well, I say, "you are not bound to take any responsibility, I want your opinion as to where he is," and again you resist the question. You don't want to take the responsibility. Oh! I wonder if when we are dead there will be any awful guessing about where we have gone. Those men sat under the same gospel. They sang the same songs. They had the same opportunities of salvation. They rejected them. You sit under the same advantages, and you are going through precisely the same process, and I ask if it is not an arousing consideration for you and me. The day will come when you and I will have to quit this life. We may be stalwart today, we may not have an ache or a pain; we may be exuberant in our physical health, but our common sense tells us that there will have to come a time when we will put our heads to the pillow and die. Oh! if in that hour you hear the upbraidings of conscience and the reverberations of a broken law, and the thunders of God's anathemas, you will wish you had never been born; why not come out to-night and have this matter gloriously settled? If there be anything in Christ and a bright hope of heaven, why not come and get it? It is yours if you will have it. In the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, I plainly offer it. Pardon for all your sin. Comfort for all your trouble. Help for all your burdens. The gospel that I preach is not one of destruction, but a gospel of salvation.

CORONATION.

Pertinax heard one night pounding at his palace door some messengers, who wanted to get in. He said to himself; "They have come to take my life," and he trembled, and he refused to open the door. They kept on pounding and pounding away until he almost fainted with fright, but after a while, plucking up courage and girding on his sword, and putting his hand on the hilt, he had the door opened, when lo! the messengers had come to offer him a crown. They said: "The king died one hour ago of apoplexy and you have been chosen to be his successor, and we have come to offer you the crown." O! I thought how much like that is our rejection of the Gospel, as though it were a matter of overthrow, when it is a matter of coronation. Not to slay, but to enthrone. If this moment by giving up your sin squarely and fairly—I do not take the responsibility of saying what your sin is, I do not know—if you would honestly this moment give up your sin and take Christ, the news would fly heavenward, and would strike seraphic harps, and angels bending in the sky, and ministering spirits flying on errands of salvation would join wing to wing and wing to wing, while they cried: "Behold! he prays!"

Episcopal Methodist.

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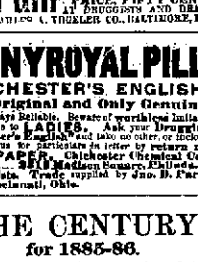
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THE CENTURY for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the war papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of *More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.* Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the civil war have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run; etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEO. W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; historical papers by Edward Eggleston and others; papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyeson, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston and others, and poems by leading poets. The departments, "Open Letters," "Brick-a-Brack" etc., will be fully sustained.

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Sept3-eod1y

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886.

THE THEATER.

Interesting Gossip and Notes About the Stage and Its Professionals.

GREEN-ROOM CHAT AND ANECDOTES.

That Chestnut About Fritz Emmet's Big Present to His Wife—John McCullough, Etc.

Joe Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson has a peculiar way of managing his dramatic affairs. He plays when he pleases and stops when he gets ready. He is rich and might retire from the stage at any time, but he cannot entirely resist the temptation of "Rip" or an occasional turn at English comedy, and so he divides the winter into two seasons, with a good long rest in between.

Mme. Patti.

The mail of Mme. Patti, in Paris, is remarkable not only on account of its enormous size, but also on account of the queer things in it. About a dozen letters a week contain requests for her to become the godmother of babies just born, and also of babies who are expected. Among the piles of begging letters the most original so far is one from a dude who sends his photograph as an irresistible plea for 500 francs.

Living in Poverty.

John Maddison Morton, the man whose name is attached as the author to hundreds of standard English farces, is living in poverty, at the age of 86, in the Charter house, London. In commenting on this fact, the Detroit *Free Press* says: "Poor Morton has lived at an unfortunate time. He was doing his best work when the drama was miserably underpaid. He only got a 5-pound note for 'Box and Cox.'" This is, indeed, a small sum, but the fact that the play was a rank steal, plot, situations, dialogue, without credit, from the French, causes the case to assume a different aspect. Bunkstone, Morton, Charles Mathews, Burnand, and scores of other clever translators have drawn not only their inspiration, but their material, from French authors, without deigning to give the latter the benefit of a line on the bills. French's or Lacy's catalogues will show hundreds of such instances. The peculations were not confined to farces, but to every line of dramatic work. Tom Taylor and other writers of high comedy and drama stole boldly from German and French authors for years, and yet those who clamor loudest for international copyright are the so-called English authors.

Emmet.

The story of Fritz Emmet's gifts to his wife is not altogether true. The account says that two years ago he gave her $50,000 "in her own name." Last week he gave her a residence worth $300,000—in whose name is not stated—and a few days ago, when sufficiently sober to stand alone, he gave her $150,000, which she took and smiled. Most any woman would. Besides these gifts, he had still in his cash-box three little packages, "one containing $200,000." On the supposition that the other two little packages were equally valuable, we here have $1,100,000 accounted for. That's all. Now, as everybody knows, this is a mere bagatelle in Mr. Emmet's fortune. When he last appeared in Indianapolis he took his box receipts and out of them gave his wife $150,000, gave $100,000 to endow an inebriate asylum and kept $750,000 for his personal expenses. The rest he allowed his sixteen treasurers to cart away to the various banks, where they were converted into bonds. His share of the receipts for the three nights he was here was no less than $2,428,763.92. In his will he has left $28,000,000 to each of his thirteen children, besides $1.50 to his wife, "in her own name."—*Exchange.*

McCullough.

There were two proud periods in John McCullough's career. One was when he was able to befriend the man who was first to greet and encourage him at the threshold of his California career and who stood by him steadfastly until disaster overtook him. This man, who had risen to wealth and who had sat in the United States Senate, came to know the need of the commonest act of friendship. Then, when all the distinguished people who had shared his prosperity turned away, the actor came and soothed his dying hours with the assistance which gave to his exit from life both composure and respectability and assuaged a widow's grief. The other conspicuous event in his career was when he crossed the sea in 1881 to measure his strength with the great actors of the world's metropolis. Like the wild gypsy, Edmund Kean, he had dreamed of a triumph on the London stage. He strode upon the boards of the old Drury Lane Theater, in the very precincts made classic by Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready and, as one writer expressed it, "took down from a dusty shelf, where Macready had left it, a majestic classic figure—the Roman Father—and breathed new life into it." This was the crowning triumph of the poor Irish boy. But the praise of the public and the encomiums of royalty were only grateful to him because they enabled him to visit with manly pride the humble place of his birth—to grasp the hands of those who had known him in his barefooted youth.—*New York World.*

Nilsson.

Madame Christine Nilsson has been invited to turn her talents to lucrative advertising purposes by an enterprising Yankee. He wants Madame Nilsson to undertake a tour in Western America to sing portions of "Faust" in costume, particularly the ballad of the "King of Thule," where, instead of the traditional spinning-wheel, she shall be working a particular make of sewing machine, bearing the name of the manufacturer outlined by incandescent lamps. Madame Nilsson would receive an additional £200 to her salary every time she used her machine in public, at least so says the Paris *Figaro.*

Rachel Off the Stage.

Samson, Rachel's professor, whom I know very well, after he retired from the stage, had a very low opinion of her intellect, and called her a *parfaite grue.* He admitted that she vibrated under the effect of an emotion or impression like a vessel of flint glass when it is struck. Every time (unless during the brief period when he and she had fallen out) she went on the stage she had been previously coached by Samson. He often said to her: "What do the words of your part express? Try and enter well into their meaning." She humbly admitted that she was *trop bete* to understand well the sense of any poetry that did not express what Satan prompted her to do. "And what does Satan put you up to do?" asked Samson.

"To despise human beings."

"Do you understand love?"

"Not in the tender, sentimental manner. I like a robust passion. Racine's Andromaque turns my stomach. *Elle est on pain de guimauve.*"

I asked Samson in what Rachel's force lay. "In this, he said, "that she grew up like a weed, and her wild savor bit into the hyper-civilized society which took her by the hand."

I don't know any stronger argument against genteel educational compression than is involved in the life of Rachel. She was the lowest of the low in point of breeding. She had hardly a fine feeling when her children or other near relatives were not present to her mind. Nor could she appreciate one. She was reared a vagabond.—*Paris Cor. London Truth.*

Ben and the Bunco Man.

If there is any man who looks more like a broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist than Ben Maginley, we would like to see him. There is a story told of a bunco man touching him on the shoulder on Broadway one day last summer, with a "Why, my dear old friend, how do you do?"

"I haven't felt better in twenty years," replied Ben, taking in the situation at a glance.

"I'm real glad to hear it. How are all the folks?"

"All right except Bill."

"Why, is William sick?"

"Bless you, no! Didn't you hear that he collided with that red bull of old Jones'?"

"That is very sad; a man should be careful when he's fooling around cattle."

"Ha! ha!" roared Ben. "Bill isn't a man; he's our white bull," and his laugh occupied more of Broadway than a healthy fog-horn would have done. If the bunco man wanted any more to prove to him that he had caught a greenhorn, Ben's hillside laugh settled the question.

"Now," said he, I have a friend in New York who has shown me all the sights worth seeing, so I can start right in and show them to you. What do you say?"

"Why," said Ben, "I'm here to see everything you've got worth seeing; but, young man," and he took a most tender hold of the lapel of the steerer's coat, "I have been telling stories to Presidents and Princes for the last forty years, and a tear wells up into my eyes as I think of how sad a thing it is to have to correct the impression you have formed of me. I need say no more than that, like my illustrious brother, Forrest, I served the first part of my apprenticeship in a circus." And with a trip and a box under the ear, the bunco-steerer was tangling himself in the gutter in the middle of Broadway, while Ben walked quietly down the street whistling "I am a Pirate King."—*New York Mirror.*

Magic Notes.

W. J. FLORENCE is 54 years old.

JUDIC took daily lessons on the banjo during her stay in Boston.

SARAH BERNHARDT is ill, but is not so sick as some of her creditors.

CAMPANINI's voice is said to be completely restored to its old power and sweetness.

THE receipts for Edwin Booth's two weeks' engagement at Baltimore amounted to $20,000.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

An Entertaining Medley Prepared Especially for the Daughters of Eve.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE ON LOVE.

Seeking a Fortune in the West—Harmless Enameling—Women and Men, Etc., Etc.

Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not, with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
—*William Shakspeare.*

Harder than Getting Married.

Smith to Jones (the latter but recently married). "Well, it wasn't so hard to get married after all, was it?" Jones—"There's something harder than getting married." Smith—"Getting a divorce, I suppose." Jones—"No; getting the furniture."

Seeking a Fortune in the West.

"My dear," said a father to his daughter, "how long ago was it that George Jackson went west to seek his fortune?"

"Just a year," the girl replied with a blush.

"Was there anything between you and George? I sometimes thought that he was fond of you."

"He was, papa," and the girl hid her face on the old man's shoulder. "I promised George when he went away that I would wait for him for years if necessary."

"I have a letter from him."

"O, papa!" she exclaimed. "Does he—er—has he—O, tell me, what does he say?"

"He wants $20 to get home with."—*Exchange.*

Harmless Enameling.

It is rather a new thing to find a scientific profession commending any of those methods by which beauty is artificially secured to the unfortunate from whom nature has withheld that gift. The *Medical Press* has ventured upon uttering a word of praise in this direction, and it may be supposed that some at least of its learned readers will be not less generous in their ideas. The object of such unwonted eulogy is the American genius who has invented what the *Press* calls "a novel form of enameling." It comprises three stages, in the first of which the shoulders, arms, and other parts to be beautified are well rubbed with rose water, which is then wiped off, and the second application is made with cold cream. A thick layer of this is allowed to remain on the skin for fifteen minutes—rather a severe ordeal on one of those winter evenings known to Boston and New York. After this has been rubbed off the surface is next covered with violet powder, and a process of "polishing" is then gone through, at the end of which the parts so treated present the appearance of polished marble. However this may be, the *Medical Press* takes upon itself to assure us that the harmfulness of the process is "exceedingly slight" compared with the vicious process of enameling as hitherto understood. Nevertheless, we have some sort of recollection of having heard dreadful tales about violet powder when absorbed into the pores, and we rather fancy that there are ladies, both old and young, who would be horrified at the charge of carrying this compound about with them, although they see no harm at all in being supplied with a secret provision of prepared chalk. Moreover, the analogy between chalk and marble is certainly more intimate than between marble and violet powder.

Women and Men.

It is a curious fact that it is harder, even now, to raise money for the higher education of young women than of young men. Prof. Fawcett and his wife pointed this out long since in England, and it is the same with America. To those who have is given; what is done for young men is done eagerly and profusely almost forced upon them; what is done for young women comes grudgingly. In the university town where I live it is found far easier to obtain additional funds for the already disproportionate endowments for young men than to raise far smaller amounts for women. When over the president of the university asks for an additional $100,000 for a new building he soon has it. Three such buildings, each costing more than that amount (the Gymnasium, the Law School, and the Physical Laboratory), have been built in this way, in close neighborhood to one another, within a few years—each the gift of one man. But when the modest little "annex," with its fifty women as students, has the most suitable house in all Cambridge offered to it for $20,000, it evidently seems to the Indies of the committee quite a serious task to raise it; and the same thing is going on all over the country.

How shall we explain this wide difference? It does not altogether lie, I suspect, in the selfishness of the male sex—a fact on which, as I have always thought, Stuart Mill puts too much stress in his "Subjection of Women." It does not rest exclusively on the opinion that the intellects of women, at least in early life, are inferior. It lies rather in the impression that those intellects, however active in school days, have a way of disappearing later, or becoming dormant, especially in case of marriage. The indifference to woman's education comes from the suspicion that it would not be of much permanent use to the human race if she had it. Even at this day, in some of the most intellectual nations of the world, notably in Germany, the thought would be utterly scouted that the world would derive any such benefit from the training of women as from that of men. The same impression still lingers here, and it has hitherto been hard to remove, because those who insisted on it were until lately in the majority, and so could prevent the only method by which their theory could be refuted—practical experiment.

It is only by watching for a generation or two the effect of the trials already made that the matter can pass beyond the stage of experiment; and this transition is now being rapidly made. The old theory was that women, even if well educated, soon passed into a state of intellectual extinction through marriage. As Emerson says:

Where is now the lovely hoyden?
Disappeared in blessed wife,
Servant to a wooden cradle,
Living in a baby's life.

But if it can be shown that even where this suspension of external activity occurs, it is no real break in a woman's mental career, and that at the end of forty years our women graduates have something to show in the way of intellectual result, than the wisdom of their education is vindicated.—*Exchange.*

Wonderful Womankind.

WHAT this great throbbing public is yearning for is a scientist who will discover a woman willing to acknowledge that any other woman's dress does not hang like a rag.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is a future in store for the milliner who shall devise a bonnet that can be worn in any part of a church and always present its trimmed side to the congregation.—*Troy Press.*

A NEVADA woman took a fall of 385 feet off a ledge, brought up in a tree top, helped herself out, and went home and cooked dinner as if nothing but a circus procession had passed by.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WOMAN at Lowell, Massachusetts, asked for a divorce from her husband because it takes at least half an hour to wake him up in the morning. While she is doing that she isn't building the fire, and why should she complain?—*Detroit Free Press.*

"DOCTOR, I'm worried about my husband. Do you think him seriously ill?" "To the best of my judgment, madam, he is suffering from gastritis." "I knew it. I told him his trouble was from fooling with that gas-meter yesterday."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A SWEET young thing writes us and closes with the words "time flies." This only shows how thoughtless girls are. Now, if she would only stop to think, she would realize that we have no leisure to "time flies," and in addition it seems a senseless sort of amusement.—*Boston Post.*

"YES," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have $500,000 between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.—*Boston Transcript.*

GIVING A HOUSEWIFE POINTS.

A careful housewife upon entering her kitchen said to her colored cook:

"Great goodness, Jane, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough in your cooking."

"Lady," replied the cook, as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor, "I see that yer's gwine ter ack foolish wid me. Ain't yer got nuthin' ter do 'cept tor fool round out heah?"

"It's my business to come out here occasionally."

"All right den, hab it yer own way, but I wanter say one thing: If yer wants ter 'joy yerse'f at de table an' eat wid er 'comin' aperlite, yer'd better stay outen dis kitchen. "Yes," she added, as she wiped a dish with a dirty rag, "yer'd better not nose roun' heah, for cookin' is er business wid me, an' when er pusson is 'gaged in business, foolishness is awful troublesome.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HE SPOILED THE SURPRISE.

"What's got inter dis blame foot dis mornin'? Hurts like all git out!"

"Wa'al, if yo'wun's ter know, it's a pipe in yo' boot—yans, a pipe. I put it in las' night ter s'prise yo' dis mornin', an' you've gone an' blundered all ober yo'sef, an' put it on, an' I hez ter relate de full particklars an' suckumstances. Pooty s'prise, hain't it? Beshye nor' s'prise yo' hez yo' make yo'sef."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Column Devoted to Their Entertainment and Instruction.

DESCRIPTIVE TRIP TO THE MOON

A Long Sermon—The Battle of Antietam Fought by Ants—To My Boy, Etc., Etc.

A Long Sermon.

O the sun is bright and the day is fair,
And the sweet breeze wanders everywhere,
And the sweet birds sing as they lightly fly,
And I wish we could join them, Madge and I.

We are bidden to listen, and so we do,
Shut up in the narrow and stuffy pew;
Behaving just as well as we can
We look over there at the preacher-man.

We can't understand, though we take such pains;
All sense seems gone from our little brains;
So we just sit quiet as best we may,
And wait till the long hour wears away.

My poor little sister tried to keep
Her blue eyes wide, but she fell asleep,
'Tis so close and stupid and dull and warm,
And I hold her safe in my tired arm.

O how can he have so much to say,
The preacher-man, such a lovely day?
And what in the world he is talking about
We do not know and we can't find out.
—*Wide Awake.*

To My Boy.

The longer we live the more we learn, and the more we learn the less we think we know. Such is the inconsistency of man's ideas, my boy. The less one knows, the greater his opinion of his abilities and wisdom.

In the morning of life man prides himself on his greatness, and wonders to what grand channel he will confine his talents. He looks upon his school district as the world at large, and himself as the great genius in whose keeping the world's future rests. He imagines that a gaping and wondering populace are gazing on him with open-mouthed wonder and ironclad astonishment, and that he holds the world by the seat of the pants with a grasp that is perpetual.

But as the days and months, and years scoot by in rapid succession, the young man finds out that he is possibly mistaken, and that if he should wander away or get lost, some one or more of all the people on earth might not miss him. With each succeeding year his knowledge grows and his mind takes a broader hold on the things of life, and by and bye he begins to realize that he is only one out of many millions of people, and that instead of standing forth as the center of attraction, he only fills a small niche in some obscure corner, and really attracts but little more attention than a rat-hole that sets up in opposition to a cavern.

My boy, there is no greater detriment to the growth and attainment of mankind than these human bumps who are so often found sitting in the road for the weary traveler to stumble over. We find them everywhere. They are the men who don't know anything, and too blind to know it. The less a man knows the less he wants to know, and the result of it is he breaks down early in the journey and becomes a wreck, obstructing the way of others.

The ignorant man who realizes his ignorance, and who doesn't seek to pass himself for more than his worth, is pardonable, but the self-conceited, 20-cent-on-the-dollar ass, who tries to pass himself off at a premium, is to be pitied as well as despised, while the base counterfeit-not-worth-a-tinker sort of chap is too low for either pity or contempt.

The best way, my boy, is to hold your self-esteem a little down, and not rate yourself too high. The man who climbs the highest has the farthest to fall, and it is more pleasant to be invited to take a higher seat than it is to be kicked out into the backyard. It is more pleasant to be a king in a cottage than a servant in a palace. It is better to gnaw a cold bone in a cabin than to be a rabbit peeler for royalty. It is better to walk than to swing on the tail end of some coupling pole like a tar-bucket. It is better to be a clear, clean, genuine 5 cent piece than to be a bogus quarter. In other words, my boy, it is better to hold ourselves at what we honestly are worth.

The world is full of people who never learn anything, because they think they know enough to commence with. Thousands of men try to teach when they need to be taught; thousands believe themselves wise when in reality their ignorance is lamentable, thousands try to palm themselves off for pure gold when they are only very thinly plated, and the brass shows through in many places.

We can't tell what is in a nut till we crack the shell. One can't tell whether or not an apple is sweet by its looks. We can't judge of the world by ourselves. The world is large and its lessons varied. The wisest man knows but little. What you and I know is but a small drop in a large bucket, and what is known by humanity now is infinitely small when compared with what is yet unlearned. A glance at the world does not reveal all its beauties and richness and immensity. The title page of a book does not explain the contents of the pages that follow. A little knowledge of the world and life's mysteries does not give us a complete understanding of all things that are to be known.

My boy, the wisest of us are comparatively ignorant, and thousands of young men who have grand ideas of their own abilities will wake up sometime in the future to a realization of the fact that they have been laboring under a large-sized delusion. Many a young man's life is gilded with bright dreams that come in the early stage of the game, but later those dreams lose their charms and they become but mince-pie nightmares, and oh, how bitter is the change when it does come!—*Peck's Sun.*

The Battle of Antietam.

"Do you want to see a battle!" called Miss Emily from the garden.

And there she was, crouched on the flagged walk, utterly regardless of a white wrapper, gazing fixedly at a darkish spot on the stones. I was sitting at the window doing a tidy in crewels—cat-tails, and sun-flowers of course—but I dropped it at once and was soon in the yard—a roomy, old-fashioned place, full of trees, though in the heart of the city. I immediately knelt on the ground as unmindful of frills as Miss Emily, and beheld a swarm of ants in hopeless confusion.

By and by I could distinguish two rival bodies, and when Miss Emily gave me the magnifying glass I could see all the maneuvers clearly. I could see them bite and tear at each other as fierce as Arabs and Englishmen.

The battlefield was quite grim and picturesque on a very small scale: the short, upright flags that bordered the flower-bed formed a precipice, while a crack where two joined was not unlike the Khiva Pass in minute miniature; up and down this ants were continually running. I do not know how they told friend from foe. For to my eyes they were all alike, but they must have had some invisible badge, because one ant would pick his enemy out of a dozen, and the two would close in fight, standing on their hind legs and wrestling like men, then biting furiously, until one of them dropped dead, when two other ants would immediately carry the body off the field.

I noticed that the ants seemed to fight in pairs—in no case did three or four grapple together; and that two ants always carried the dead away—never one ant by itself.

I watched intently until a truce seemed declared; they were all comparatively quiet, then they began to disperse, chiefly in my direction, and as I was beginning to feel a little creepy-crawly, now that the excitement of war was past, I sprang to my feet and went up stairs, feeling sure that that two or three Brigadier Generals were maneuvering over me.

And I do not know which side won after all.—*A. Temple, in New York Dawn.*

A Trip to the Moon.

Eddie Taylor is a little boy only 3 years old. He loves to get up on high places, and is always trying to climb everything he sees. He often falls and gets some severe bruises, but he forgets that as soon as he finds something else to climb. One day his father had been making some repairs on the top of his house and left the tall ladder leaning against the roof.

As evening came on, Mr. Taylor missed his little boy and went in search of him.

He passed into the back yard and called; "Eddie, Eddie, where are you?"

"I'm up here, papa," said a voice far above his head.

Mr. Taylor looked up, and there his little boy stood very nearly at the top of the ladder.

The moon had risen just high enough to be seen over the ridgepole of the house and appeared to rest on the top of the roof, and Eddie had gone up to get it.

"Oh, see the pretty moon on the roof, papa? I almost got it," he cried.

Mr. Taylor did not want the boy to look down at him, for that would make him dizzy. So he said: "Cling to the ladder, Eddie, and look straight at the moon. I am going up with you."

He ran quickly up the ladder and caught the boy just as he was saying:

"Oh, see, papa, the moon is falling right over."

His head had become dizzy, and he would have fallen if his father had not caught him just when he did.

"I want that moon for my ball. Such a beautiful ball?" sobbed Eddie, as he was carried into the house.

Mr. Taylor is very careful now and does not leave any ladders where Eddie can climb them.—*Our Little Ones.*

SETTLING HIS HASH.

One of the boarders in a private boarding house in this city, not over prompt in paying his board bills, grumblingly observed, in the hearing of the "hoarding missus:"

"This coffee isn't settled."

"I guess it will be settled before your bill is settled," she quickly retorted.

This was a settler he little expected. It set a little ripple of laughter in motion around the table and when it settled the peacemaker of the house observed that there were probably grounds for complaint on both sides, which settled the matter, and harmony resumed her reign.—*Boston Courier.*

WHEN a man dies in Andaman, Society Islands, they paint him red, white, and blue, so great is their respect for the American flag.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886.

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"I felt sure that it was a beautiful old garden," said Charteris, "and now I can see that I am right."

"Almost any place is pretty in midsummer," said Constance; "but I like this, though of course it is natural that one should like his own home."

"Who could help liking it?" said Charteris, looking up at the fine old trees, half covered with ivy; at the luxuriant hedges of evergreen box, twelve or fifteen feet high; at the riotous roses and climbing honeysuckle. "It is a place of which to dream. How lovely it must be in spring, when that orchard to the right is in blossom!"

"It is lovelier than you can imagine," said Constance. "Fruit-trees are nearly the most picturesque things in the world at all times; but when they are in bloom, and the clover is springing under them, then I like the orchard even better than the garden. But here is something I like best of all, I think." She pauses as she speaks at the end of the garden, which they have reached, and indicates the woodland stretched before them. "There is a charm about the woods which no pleasure-grounds can possess."

"Are you so much of a gipsy as to feel that?" he asked, resting his arm on the top the gate, and smiling as he looked at her.

"I am very much of a gipsy," she answered. "I like all free, wild, woodland things. I suppose you don't understand the taste, since I heard you say you had been chiefly accustomed to live in cities?"

"Yes, I have lived in cities nearly all my life," was the reply. "But for that very reason do you not think I might appreciate sylvan things even more than you do?"

"I hardly think so," said Constance. "Is it not said that artificial pleasures spoil the taste for natural ones?"

"It is said so; yes. But all general rules are subject to exceptions; and I flatter myself that I am a very decided exception to this. As a proof, I have promised my cousin to stay with him for some time, instead of pursuing my way to meet my mother at Clifton, which is very gay, I believe, at present."

"I hope Major March appreciates the compliment," said Constance, with a little more of laughing sarcasm in her tone than he exactly fancies. She looks bewitchingly pretty as she stands



SHE POINTS TO THE EAST, WHERE FIERY RED, AND LARGE AS A CART-WHEEL, THE FULL MOON IS RISING.

by the low gate under the honeysuckle arch, the piquant tints of her face, the fleecy whiteness of her dress, framed in green.

"Scarfell is a charming place," she continued; "but unless you like *really* like—the quiet monotony of country life, I am afraid you may be repaid for your sacrifice by being very dull."

"I do not think that is at all possible," he said, decidedly. "I am already greatly pleased with everything. It is merely by chance, as it were, that I am here; but I feel that it is one of the luckiest chances of my life."

"I hope you will remain of that mind," said Constance. "But I warn you that you must not expect anything in the way of social pleasures. I do not think there could be a duller neighborhood than this. But perhaps you like riding, fishing, or walking; or do you take an interest in agriculture?"

"I am afraid I do not take an interest in anything very useful, Miss Melfort," was his reply. "But I like—I do more than like—riding; and walking, under some circumstances, I consider delightful. By the by, can we not extend our walk now?"

She shakes her head. "Not this evening—it is too late, and our friends at the house would wonder what has become of us."

"It is not so late as the hour at which I saw you yesterday evening," he said. "Perhaps, however, you are not aware that I did see you yesterday—that I have seen you before?"

She looks at him coolly.

"Yes," she said, "I am aware of it. I recognized you at once, and I saw that you recognized me. It would be difficult, I think, for either of us to escape recognition; the moon was shining brightly as you passed me on Mr. Belmont's lawn."

"Then the precedent holds good," was his answer. "You *do* walk late sometimes; and why not now, when the moon has not risen?"

"The case is different," she said, blushing. "Fred and I were taking Gracie home; and I only sat down on the lawn for a moment to wait for him. Besides," she laughed, "yonder is the moon."

She points to the east, where, fiery red, and large as a cart-wheel, the full moon is rising over the fields and forest. It is a beautiful scene, an hour full of loveliness and peace, and Charteris feels that what can he, an adept in flirtation, desire better than this—a witching face for inspiration, a summer twilight, a rising moon? He has a consciousness of being fully equal to the occasion, when Constance said, "Now I think we had better return. You have seen the garden, and I have introduced with fine effect a moon-rise for which you did not ask, and for which, therefore, you should be greatly obliged."

"For which I am greatly obliged," he said, without moving from the spot. "But I have hardly taken it in yet. It is but an instant since you pointed it out. Surely you do not mean that there is any absolute necessity for retracing our steps?"

"That depends upon how you define an absolute necessity," was her reply. "No one will interfere with you if you stay here and look at the moon for an hour, two hours—any number of hours; but I must return to the house."

She moves away as she speaks, and Charteris, surprised, amused, and a little piqued, turned at once to accompany her.

"You are really cruel, Miss Melfort. This is a lovely scene, and we shall lose it entirely at the house."

"And are there no attractions at the house to atone for it?" she asked, flashing the light of her eyes upon him.

He catches and holds her glance with all the meaning he knows well how to throw into his own eyes, concentrated in their gaze.

"There is one attraction which would atone for the loss of anything," he said; "but it is not necessary that I should go to the house to find that."

"It is very necessary you should go to the house to find it," she replied, "if you intend that my vanity should appropriate the compliment. Now, there is a fine opportunity for revenging yourself by pointing out that you did not intend anything of the kind," she added, with another laugh, so sweet and gay that Charteris smiled despite himself.

"Revenge is sweet," he observed, sententiously; "but not even for the sake of tasting its sweetness can I affirm that I did not distinctly and entirely intend that your vanity should appropriate the truth, which your modesty term a compliment."

She makes a little curtsey, full of mirth and coquetry.

"That is magnanimous, as well as graceful and gallant, Mr. Charteris," she said; "and I am your debtor, for really I should have felt the blow keenly if you had told me that you did not mean *me*."

"You would not have believed me if I told you so," answered Charteris, with another of his practiced glances.

It was a game which was old and common enough with him, only deriving freshness from the freshness of the subject; but to Constance it is somewhat new and somewhat alluring. She has already seen enough of the world to understand exactly what he means, and mingled with a little resentment comes the thought, "What if I should turn his amusement into earnest?"

There is a decided attraction in the idea, and she has the first requisite for victory—thorough confidence in self—confidence in her own power to charm and subdue. Nor is this confidence without a basis in experience; for when has she ever failed with any man who has crossed her path? Even now, she knows that Major March's eyes are looking eagerly through the twilight for her, and is not Fred sulking in the background solely on her account? This



CONSTANCE SITS AT THE PIANO.

sort of thing gives a woman a feeling of assumed power; and so, with all the rashness of one who has never known defeat, Constance feels herself fully capable of trying conclusions with Mr. Charteris. They stroll slowly back to the house, and when they reach the doorway, Mr. Belmont says, "You are just in time; the tea-bell has rung."

After tea, Fred has an opportunity to judge for himself of the reputed devotion of Major March and of Constance's manner of receiving it. Of course of the first he speedily sees there can be no doubt. The idea of concealing his hopes and intentions has never for an instant entered the gallant gentleman's mind, and no one could be in Constance's society for half an hour without perceiving that he has given her the whole of his loyal heart.

That Constance herself is aware of this there can be no doubt, either; but whether the girl has not yet learned the meaning of love, or whether she only exercises that reserve which comes as a matter of instinct to the most untried woman, Fred is at a loss to tell. He only knows that there is no consciousness in her manner, no wavering no. drooping lashes; none of those signs which he has been led to believe to be love's language.

It is not only Fred who is puzzled. Major March himself feels, as often before, completely baffled. There can be no doubt the girl likes him—she is gracious, and kind, and sparkling whenever he draws near; but will this liking ever grow more?—has it any shade of love in it? These are questions he asks himself, and to which he receives no satisfactory reply.

Even if he had the disposition, he has not the opportunity to make any definite avowal; but the desire to have Constance to himself for a time grows strongly on him, and before the evening is over he draws her away from the general group by asking her to sing. This means to leave the cool and lovely moonlight of the portico and lawn for the warmer atmosphere of the lamp-lit drawing room; but she does so without demur, and goes in attended by him.

Those outside hear her sweet, clear voice in one or two songs, and then silence falls—at least, for them. But that silence does not reign within they can have abundant evidence by glancing through the open windows to where Constance sits at the piano, talking to her companion, who leans across the instrument.

That she is well content to sit there and talk, the lookers-on clearly perceive—Fred with jealous pain, Charteris with a feeling of annoyance which surprises himself. This might be partly soothed, perhaps, were he aware that he is, during part of the time at least, the subject of the conversation

"What do you think of my young cousin?" Major March asked, lightly, yet with some anxiety.

Constance lifts her eyes to his with the frankness of a child.

"I think he is the most handsome, and probably the most elegant, man I have ever seen," she replied; "but he thinks—oh, he *does* think—so well of himself!"

"Most men, I am afraid, do that," said her friend, laughing. "Vanity is such a common failing with people who have no such excuse for it as he has, that one feels almost bound to pardon it in him."

"I don't feel inclined to pardon it in anybody," she answered; "at least, not in any man! A woman has, now, a prescriptive right to be vain. I am afraid I am vain myself; but I don't think I am nearly so much so as Mr. Charteris."

"You are rather hard on him," replied the Major. "Such a handsome young fellow must be pardoned some foibles. He has been spoiled, you see. I have no doubt he is an accomplished lady-killer."

"I have no doubt of it at all," said Constance, with a curling lip. "That is just what I mean; that is what is the matter with him. He has lived among small things, and had small ends. I don't know very much of the world, but it seems to me that to make a noble character, one must have a noble aim. If I were a man, I would be a *man*, and kill something higher than the hearts or fancies of foolish women."

"You are right about the noble aim," said Major March, smiling. "But are you certain that the women are foolish who lose their hearts to such a fascinating cavalier?"

"I think they are worse than foolish—they are contemptible!" she answered. "It seems to me that falling in love is a great absurdity from any point of view; but if I fell in love at all, it certainly would not be with such as he."

"That is hardly fair to Charteris, who may be a very manly fellow for all his handsome looks and delicate grace. Do you remember what Owen Meredith says:—

> "'The fool who last year at the Arion's ball
> Sickened me so with his simper and pride,
> Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall
> With the bayonet wound in his side?'"

I don't mean to insinuate that Charteris is the least of a fool, or could even sicken one with simper and pride; but I mean that it is well to remember we never know how much manly stuff there may be even in a courted darling of fashion."

"You never fail to have something kind to say of everyone," said Constance, looking up at him with admiration, "and you make me feel very uncharitable; but I meant no harm with regard to Mr. Charteris. Now what shall I sing, or do you want me to sing any more?"

"You know I am never tired of hearing you sing," said Major March, "but I fear I have monopolized you too long. Shall we go out again, or shall we call in Charteris and make him sing?"

"Oh, by all means call him in," said she. "I wonder that I did not think of that before. He has what is called a singing face."

Charteris is called in, and admits the soft impeachments as to his gifts, by confessing that he sings "a little." He proves to have a charming tenor voice, and gives several songs—an operatic air, a Spanish serenade, and a French song, accompanying himself with ease. Then he looks up suddenly, and rises from the piano with a laugh.

"I am unconscionable, I fear," he said; "and I think I see by my cousin's face that it is growing time to say good-night. If you see me very soon again, Miss Melfort, do not be surprised, for I can scarcely say how much I have enjoyed this evening."

A few minutes later the cousins are riding away, and as Constance stands on the hall steps, Fred hears her humming to herself the air of the French song which Charteris sang last:—

> "'The marquise—my marquise,
> Sweet love is her delight, etc.'"

CHAPTER VII.

"Don't you think there is such a thing as being too close to a girl when you are in love with her?" said Fred, moodily.

It is to Grace Belmont he is speaking, and they are alone together in the garden—he lying on the grass, she sitting demurely upright on a rustic bench.

"I suppose there is such a thing as being too close to anybody whom you particularly love and admire," she replied. "There are few idols that will bear too near inspection."

"You don't suppose I meant that one might be too close as far as *she* is concerned?" exclaimed Fred. "I meant that as far as one's own interest is concerned one might be too close, too familiar, you see. Perhaps I ought to go away and let Constance learn to have some kind of a feeling of strangeness towards me, for now she treats me exactly as if I were her brother."

"As I how else should she treat you?" answered Grace. "Are you not like a brother to her? Have you not always resided in the same house with her, and are you not doing so now?"

"You know that I am not!" he answered. "I am no brother of hers at all. I love her, Grace—have loved her all my life; but I have no hope that she will ever marry me!"

He is leaning back with his hands under his head, and as he utters the last word his eyes meet Grace's with such a look of pain in them that the girl's eyes soften from sympathy.

"You despair too soon," she said. "It seems to me that if I were a man I would not easily give up anything I had set my heart on. A woman is different" (and here her slight hands were clasped together). "A woman *must* submit to circumstances; but a man should conquer. You have many advantages in being so close to Constance, though there is a disadvantage connected with it, no doubt. She sees you at all times—when you are dull, when you are altogether out of sorts. Not like Mr. Charteris, whom she only sees when he is on his best behavior and exerting himself to be agreeable; but then there is the compensation that you see *her* also at all times, and know, or ought to know, better how to please her than he does."

"You are a kind comforter," said Fred; "but I do not think there is any compensation in the position at all. It is more tantalizing than anything else, to be so near and yet so far; to be treated with the easy familiarity of an old shoe, and to see that fellow come in and have the best of everything. Confound him!"

"It is Mr. Charteris you are jealous of, then, not Major March?" inquired she.

"I am jealous of everybody!" said the young man, frankly; "but I certainly think there is more to fear from Charteris than from March. He (I mean March) is too old, and Constance is too gay. I don't believe she would marry for position and wealth, and I don't think she could have any other reason for marrying *him*. But Charteris—well, Charteris is different; and what is he doing here?"

"I don't know," answered Grace.

She is half-inclined to add, "My father knows;" but refrains, partly from habitual caution.

Mr. Belmont smiles significantly on the bearing of Charteris being domiciled at Scarfell and familiar at Monkston.

"A gay young sprig," he said,—"a very gay young sprig. Well, I wish him good luck. I'm always glad of the luck of my friends."

Now, to be a friend of Mr. Belmont's was not a distinction in the county; and being painfully aware of this, Grace, bearing herself no ill-will to Mr Charteris, does not mention the fact.

She only pauses a moment, and then adds:

"Of course, it is not likely that I should know; But I suppose it is natural that he should stay with Major March, who is his cousin."

"And who knows more of him than we do," said Fred. "Grace,"—he hesitated—"have you ever heard your father speak of him at all?"

"Very little," answered Grace, coloring. "I think my father knew him in London, and he met him accidentally in Cisborough the day you got home. Mamma told me he brought him here that evening; but I was with you, you remember; so that I did not see him until you and I went up to the hall-door."

"I remember," said Fred, grimly.

It occurred to him, with a sense of surprise, that "Mr. Belmont's associate," against speaking of whom he warned Constance that evening, should be at this present moment sitting in the drawing-room; for she was called from this pleasant garden spot by the news of his arrival.

"Come, Grace—you and Fred," she said.

But Grace shakes her head, and Fred does not stir.

"I will stay here," said the former. "Mr. Charteris has certainly not come to see me."

"I echo that with emphasis," said Fred, doggedly.

Constance had gone off alone to the house, and the conversation just recorded took place between those left behind.

While it was going on, she has entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Melfort was entertaining, or being entertained by, Mr. Charteris, and has greeted that gentleman. It is his third visit—the first he has made alone; but already he advances to take her hand with the air of a frequent and familiar visitor.

"You must forgive an idle man for coming to cast himself on your charity, Miss Melfort," he said. "My cousin has business to occupy his time; but I have none. But with a horse at my command, and the road to Monkston open, what could I do but come?"

"We are very glad to see you," said the girl, smiling.

She is really glad to see him, and her bright, clear glance tells him so as plainly as her words.

He is young, handsome, entertaining, ready with graceful compliments, and glances full of homage. What girl would not be glad to see such a cavalier, especially in the monotony of a country life, where any fresh element is desirable?

The ride alone would be a sufficient inducement for going out to-day," she added, as she sat down. "What a beautiful day it is, and what a lovely road from Scarfell here! The views are so fine! By the way, Mr. Charteris, have you seen what we call the 'linn?' It is a kind of local word, but it describes the sort of fall we have here. It is the one lion of our neighborhood."

"I have not," said Charteris. "I should much like to visit it. Will you be my guide? Can we not ride there? I should like it very much!"

"So should I," answered Constance; "but it is rather far for a ride. We usually make the excursion as a picnic, and spend the day on the rocks. We have not been there at all this year. Why should we not go to-morrow, mamma?"

"There is no reason why we should not," Mrs. Melfort said, "if you can make the necessary preparations."

"We do not need to make many preparations," said Constance, "I am tired of picnics in which the whole neighborhood joins. Do you not think"—she looked at Charteris—"that it would be pleasanter if we went ourselves?"

"Very much pleasanter," he answered, eagerly. "I suppose you mean just you and me?"

"Oh, by no means?" was the reply, laughing. "Setting aside Mrs. Grundy or mamma there, who personates her at present, I could not think of subjecting either of us to the test of a whole day's *tete-a-tete*. When I said 'just ourselves,' I meant mamma, if she will go—you will mamma, won't you?—and you, and I, and Grace, and Fred, and Major March and the children. They will never be happy if left at home."

"I think it is a very good idea, and if I cannot go," said Mrs. Melfort, "Miss Crunston will take care of the children and look after the lunch."

"It is settled, then," said Constance, gaily. "I hope you do not feel dismayed, Mr. Charteris? A rural picnic is sometimes a very formidable affair."

"Do I look dismayed?" asked Charteris. "I assure you I feel delighted! An attempted rural picnic, with a mob of people, is indeed one of the most formidable things with which I am acquainted; but a day of gipsying in the woods, with charming companions, I consider delicious; but," he added, as Mrs. Melfort was at this moment opportunely called from the room, "I cannot refrain from wishing that my original proposition had been carried out."

"Do you mean you wish that only you and I were going?" said Constance, with her piquant smile. "Then, to keep you in that mind, it is a fortunate thing that the programme is not to be carried out. One little bit of wisdom my limited experience of life has taught me, and it is that if one does not want to grow tired of things or people, one must not see too much of them."

"That bit of wisdom sounds as if your experience of life had not been very limited," said Charteris. "Generally speaking, it is a sad and disillusionizing truth; but there are some people of whom one feels instinctively that one could never tire."

"Are there?" said Constance, in a tone of slight incredulity. "But one's instincts are sometimes mistaken, so it is well not to subject them to so severe a test. I am glad you like the idea of a day of gipsying," she added, changing the subject quickly; "and now do you not think it would be pleasanter to go into the garden and join Grace and Fred than to sit here?"

"I am entirely at your command," he answered. "only venturing to remark that it is pleasant to be anywhere with you."

"But outdoors on a summer's day is better than indoors with anybody," she said, taking up her wide straw hat; "so come!"

Leaving the house, they stroll side by side, as on the first evening of their meeting, across the wide lawn into the pleasant old garden. Under a spreading tree, they find the rustic seat, the impression of a figure on the turf, and an open novel; but Grace and Fred have vanished.

Constance strongly suspects the truth—that seeing Charteris and herself issue forth from the house, they, by mutual consent, doubled round the thick-set hedge and made away, but she only smiles and says, "I left them here, but it seems they are gone. Grace perhaps has gone home, and Fred accompanied her; it is a pleasant walk through the woods over to Mr. Belmont's place."

"Where I saw you first, answered Charteris, in a tone that gives a good deal of meaning to the words. "I never imagined that I should have reason to congratulate myself upon possessing the acquaintance of Mr. Belmont; but I did that night when I saw you in the moonlight. Will you forgive me if I add that, but for having seen you and desiring to know you, I should hardly have remembered that I had a distant cousin living in this neighborhood."

Considering that this statement was purely an inspiration of the moment, it was one that did credit to Mr. Charteris' inventive power. Constance flushes a little, for although she has a steady head, this is very subtle flattery.

"I have no doubt you are indebted to the chance which turned your thoughts in that direction, then," she said, "for whether or not I am worth knowing—no Mr. Charteris, please don't say that I am, for really the opportunity



HE HOLDS THE OPEN GATE IN HIS HAND.

for a compliment was too obvious, and really also—you don't know—there can be no doubt that Major March emphatically is."

"He is a very fine fellow, indeed," answered Charteris, with just the faintest tinge of patronage in his tone. "I am glad to know him; but if you fancy that pleasure will detain me——"

A slight shrug of the shoulders completes the sentence expressively.

"If it does not, it ought to do so," said Constance, decisively. "Major March is my hero, chevalier, my type of a noble, gallant, gentleman."

"Happy Major March!" said Charteris, letting his dark brilliant eyes full of expression rest on the bright young face, while to himself he says, "She cares nothing about him, or she could not talk of him in this manner."

"He ought to be happy if the admiration of everyone who knows him can make him so," said Constance.

"I am inclined to think that the knowledge of *your* admiration would go farther to do that, than the good opinions of every one else," said Charteris, thinking that he will sound her a little.

She blushes like a rose; but no change of expression comes into the frank clear eyes.

"Major March has always been very good to me," she said; "but I have too good an opinion of his sense to fancy that he rates my judgment at any such absurd valuation."

"There are some valuations with which wisdom has nothing to do," replied Charteris; "although I am far from meaning to imply that any possibly high valuation of your opinion would be absurd."

"In other words, you are trying to see how many graceful things you can say to me," she answered, gaily; "but please don't say any more, for I assure you I am not accustomed to compliments, and they might have a very bad effect, if given in too great a quantity. Since we have not found Grace and Fred, shall we return to the house?"

"On the contrary, if you will allow me to make a suggestion, can we not explore those shadowy-looking woods which it was too late to enter the other evening? I am sure there are many delightful nooks of shade and coolness in their depths."

"Indeed, yes," replied the girl. "I do not think there could be more beautiful places anywhere than in those woods; but,"—she pauses, hesitates—"It is rather warm, I fear, to walk this morning."

"Now, Miss Melfort," said her companion, seriously, "I call this cruel and unkind. It was too late the other evening, and now it is too warm! Are you determined that I shall not enter your enchanted forest?"

"No; if you really care to go," was her reply, "I shall be glad to show you all my favorite places. I only thought that another time would be pleasanter—and with Grace and Fred."

"There is no time like the present," he said; "and as for Miss Belmont and Mr. Osborne—well, you must forgive me if I say that I think we shall do admirably without them. Will you come?"

He holds the open gate in his hands, and his eyes plead more strongly than his words.

Constance hesitates one moment longer; but the woman who hesitates is lost. She goes.

(To be Continued.)

I was daily growing worse with rheumatism, and the doctors thought it might require the amputation of my leg. I began taking Athlophoros and in two days was able to be at my store. M. P. Shrock, 672 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

The Long and Short of It.

Is in not an outrage upon the eternal fitness of things that we should call the biggest elephant in the world "Jumbo" and the smallest orchid that ever tried to hide its ugliness behind its name the "Chowhoopupangitontothe Yiangatekalamazoololite Alubazan?" It does not seem right.—*Bob Burdette.*

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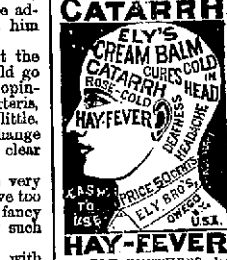
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BONDS FOR SALE.

The Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, of Fort Wayne, Ind., issue January 15, 1886, $25,000 in bonds, secured by first mortgage on lots 182 and 183, Original Plat, and the new church building, valued at $90,000. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually at the First National Bank, of Fort Wayne, Ind. They are payable in two, three, five, seven and ten years as the investors may desire, with the rights reserved to the Board to call in any of the bonds maturing in five, seven or ten years at any time after three years upon giving thirty days notice of such intention.

Parties desiring a safe investment are invited to send bids to Fred J. Haydon, Secretary of the board, on or before January 12, next. These bonds are issued in denominations of one hundred dollars each, those attending an opportunity to procure such amounts as are desired. Parties desiring further information are invited to apply to the undersigned members of the Board of Trustees.

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TELEPHONE No. 215.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

THE OLD NATIONAL BANK OF FORT WAYNE,
FORT WAYNE, Dec. 11, 1885.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Old National Bank, of Fort Wayne, will be held at its banking office on Tuesday, January 12, 1886, at 12 o'clock a. m., for the election of five directors to serve the ensuing year.

11-1m

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886.

SABBATH READING.

A Few Thoughts to be Pondered Over on the Day of Rest.

"FEAR NOT! I WILL HELP YOU."

An Enemy in Disguise—Faith of the Great Napoleon—A Sense of Honor, Etc.

An Enemy Disguised.

One very frequent disguise of unbelief is that of humility. "I feel myself such a great sinner; I feel so much evil to be in my heart I dare not believe in Jesus." If you judged by appearances you might think this unbelief very modest; but, indeed, it is not so. It imitates the tone of humility, but it cannot catch the accent. This deceptive vice dares to hint that the sinner's unworthiness is a reason why Jesus should not be trusted. What! would any man tell me that his own wickedness is a reason why he should distrust me? That would be too absurd. Because you are such a sinner, is God, therefore, a deceiver, and not to be trusted? This is not humility, but audacity.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

A Sense of Honor.

There is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of Americans by ministers of the gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of youth, by all who have public interest or private authority, is a sense of honor! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life, where one person is employed by another to do a certain work, imposes an obligation to fulfill the duties of the place with an honorable and disinterested regard for the interests of his employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand boy, the cashier, the legislator, the governor, the president. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious American of our day. But, unless this common-place view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces but we will get into troubles, and not soon out of them, compared with which the danger and distresses of the past will seem almost insignificant.—*The Century.*

His Spot of Sunshine.

They tell in Europe the story of a poor man who was confined for many years in a cold, dark dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall, and through that the sunbeams came for but a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often and often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine, and at length a purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell, he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall for a few moments every day during which it was illuminated, until at length he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. Let us imitate that prisoner. Circumscribed may be our lot, yet if we love the Lord, and pray to him, and look for his direction, we shall soon discover some tiny chink, through which the sunshine of His guiding providence shall come. On the spot where its directing light shall fall, let us, with such means as we can command, hew out, not in cold stone, but in living love, the likeness of the sacrifice of Christ. So shall we find our special sphere, and fill it to the commendation of the Master.—*Christian Standard.*

Faith of the Great Napoleon.

Before General Grant died, his tribute to the Bible was published in all the newspapers. This has caused a demand for Napoleon's talk concerning Jesus Christ. "I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena to Count de Montholon. "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a mark of individuality which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples, adored him. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creatures of our genius? Upon force. But Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal Kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adorned, and is still reigning over the whole earth!" Then, turning to General Bertrand, the Emperor added: "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong in appointing you a General."

"Nobody's Child."

A lady visiting an asylum for friendless orphan children, lately, watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't in the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city, who one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wenzened, shrieking newsboy at the station, found the boy following him everyday thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a car for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me my child one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel, when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless waifs around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much toward saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it, as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.

When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast, he did not send him money, but he came close and touched him.—*Christian Standard.*

After Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a terrible disease, requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sarsaparilla does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the system.

W. W. Corcoran's gifts to the public foot up about $1,000,000.

Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable, and is made expressly for all diseases of the kidneys.

Extraordinary success everywhere. A sure cure for all kidney diseases is Hunt's Remedy.

For early loss of physical power. A sure cure is found in Hunt's Remedy. Never fails.

She two ill-starred Suakim expeditions and the attempt to build the Suakim-Berber railway cost the British government $16,727,416.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, consumption and throat diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

The pope has a dread that he will not pass his seventy-fifth year. It was predicted by a Gypsy that he would be in peril at that date.

Why continue the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in the head, can be had for 50c, at druggists. It is easily applied with the finger, is safe and pleasant and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

Being a sufferer from chronic catarrh, and having derived great benefit from the use of Ely's Cream Balm I can highly recommend it. Its sales are far in excess of all other catarrh remedies. —B. Franken, druggist, Sigourney, Ia.

In all constitutional and blood diseases, loss of appetite and nervous irritation are prominent symptoms, for which Nichols' Bark and Iron is the standard and infallible remedy. 28-4w

Cough, Colds and Sore Throat yield readily to B. H. Douglass & Sons' Capsicum Cough Drops.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE.—This preparation, a private and original prescription, was extensively used in an unlimited practice for many years, with perfect success by the late A. C. Hoxsie, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. Having thoroughly tested and tried this remedy, he had no hesitation in pronouncing it positive, safe and sure to cure Croup in its most aggravated form, when administered promptly and according to directions. Its powerful and direct effect upon the diseased mucous membrane, render it particularly invaluable to those living at a distance from a physician—as it is seldom necessary to call in professional aid. If the "Certain Croup Cure" is near at hand. While powerful and effectual, it contains no opium in any form, nor any drug which can have a deleterious or injurious effect upon the system. The most delicate infant may take it, as directed, with perfect safty. Price $1.00. For sale by all first-class druggists, wholesale and retail. dec22-eodaw3m

The British admiralty have ordered fifty torpedo boats, each 125 feet long.

25c A BOTTLE
SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Plumbago, Sores, Headaches, Backache, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine Salvation Oil bears our registered Trade Mark, and our fac-simile signature. A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough at once. Price only 25 Cts. a bottle.

Catarrh Can be Cured

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from its varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

The Best Medicine

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Serious consequences are liable to ensue if catarrh is not attended to in season. The disease frequently destroys the sense of smell and often develops into bronchitis or pulmonary consumption. Undoubtedly many cases of consumption originate in catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh and has even effected remarkable cures of consumption itself, in its early stages. A book containing statements of many cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, will be sent free to all who send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh and Impure Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. BALL, Syracuse, N. Y.

"I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving." FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

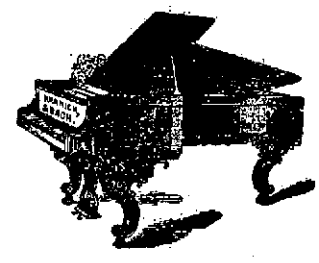
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Hazleton Brothers.



Kranich & Bach.

We are Displaying the Largest and Finest Stock of Square and Upright

PIANOS,

For the Holiday Trade, in the city.

Piano Tuning and Repairing.

WAGNER & JOOST,

27 West Main Street. dll-1m

Fruit House Prices for '85.

COFFEE DEDUCED 2c. PER POUND.

An Immense Stock for Christmas and New Year.

The Holiday Trade in Full Blast.

SANTA CLAUSE IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Large wax dolls, China dolls, tin toys, ladies toilet sets, China toys, dogs, cats, lions, tigers elephants Jumbo carts, wagons, jumping jacks, whistles, tin horns, vases, dominoes, puzzles, drums, and riding horses; also Christmas tree candles at 12c a box, and Christmas tree ornaments of all discriptions.

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS All Reduced.

A great decline in Coffee, lower than it has ever been before. Never in the history of the country has it sold so cheap; the very best Rio Coffee down to 10c a pound, or ten pounds for $1; good Rio coffee 8c a pound, or 12½ pounds for $1; best Roasted Rio down to 12½c a pound; Old Government Java, 30c.; Roasted Java 25c.

Teas—Young Hyson, Gun Powder, Oolong and Japan. The reduction on the price of Teas has been in proportion greater than all others, so much so that a good drinking Tea can now be had at 25c per pound, whereas years ago $1 per pound was considered reasonable. We now sell Young Hyson, good, 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Gunpowder, good, 30c; choice, 40; best 60c; Oolong or Black Tea 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Japan Tea, uncolored, 35c; choice, 40; best 50c. We are able to sell at above low prices for the reason that we purchase direct of the Importers and resell direct to our customers, thereby saving them the profit of the speculators, jobbers and wholesale merchants, which is at least 10c to 20c a pound.

Sugar Down Another 1-2 Cent.

Crushed, Powdered and Cut Loaf Sugars, 7½c per pound; Coffee A Standard 7; Choice Yellow, 6c; Brown, 5c.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND CHRISTMAS NUTS.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c. per pound; best French Mixed Candy, 10c. pure Bon Bons, assorted 20c; Fancy Candies, 20c; best Gum Drops, 20c.

Nuts, Citron and Raisins for Christmas and New Year Cakes.

Best Valencia Raisins, 10c. a pound; choice Malaga Raisins, 12½c; Sultana Seedless Raisins, 12½c; Leghorn Citron, new and fresh, 30c; Tarragona Shelled Almonds, 30c; new Brazil Nuts, 10c per quart; New Filberts, and English Walnuts, quart, 12½c.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

Choice bright Dried Apples, 4c per pound; best halves Dried Peaches, 7c; California choicest Pared Peaches, 25c; Virginia choicest Pared Peaches, 15c; fine extra Pitted Cherries, 18c; choice nice Dried Raspberries, 30c; Turkish Prunes, best in market, 5c; Blackberries now, 15c.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Cigars, Rose of America, 30c. per box; Chief Cook, $1 per box; Ambassador, $1.75 per box. Fine Cut—Gilt Edge, 75c. per pound; Sun Shine, 60c. per pound, good, 35c. Smoking Tobacco—Sterling Smoking, 18c. per pound; Uncle Ned, 28c; Durham, 45c. per pound; Cherokee, 30c; Bull Dog, 30c.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES AND SYRUPS.

Maple Syrup, 75c per gallon; choice light Golden Drip, 50c per gallon; New Orleans, 30, best 50c; Cuba Molasses, 30c.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Old 76 Whisky for medicinal use, $2.50 per gallon; two-year old, $1.75; one-year old, $1.40; good new whisky, $1.50 and $2 per gallon; California wine, Muscatel and Angelica, 40c bottle; Port and Sherry Wine per gallon, $1.25; gallon Catawba wine, $1; gallon Old Tom Gin, 40c; bottle Canada malt, 30c.

OILS---Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neats Foot Oil.

Neats Foot Oil, 80c gallon; Fish Oil, 70c gallon; Headlight oil, 12c gallon; machine Oil dark, 20c gallon; Golden machine oil, 30c gallon.

Twenty cents (20c) on the dollar saved by purchasing at the

FT. WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A genuine Seal Skin Cap in splendid condition. Cost $14.50 when new. May be had very cheap. May be seen at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Magnolia Battery, Davis & Kidder make. Splendid thing for a physician. It cost $12. Will sell cheap. Inquire at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Room over store occupied by Mordhurst, second and third floor. Inquire at No 70 Calhoun street. 4-tf

FOR RENT—Large brick house on corner of Wayne and Ewing streets. $35 per month. Inquire of M. L. Greif. 23-tf

FOR RENT—Dwelling houses Nos. 333 and 335 East Wayne street, the Comparet homestead corner Harmer street and Nickel Plate railroad, 4 rooms at 311 Hanna street, No. 236 West Jefferson street, No. 132 Creighton avenue, No. 247 East Lewis street, southwest corner Lafayette and Washington streets. Also, five small dwellings in Archer's addition. Inquire of Coombs, Bell & Morris, 32 East Berry street. 23-tf

WANTED.

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
SIMPLE STRONG
NEW HOME
SWIFT SURE



SEWING MACHINE
HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co.
—ORANGE, MASS.—
30 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.
Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.
FOR SALE BY

GEO. R. BOWEN,
Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to
Sanitary Plumbing
and Sewering.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc., Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

FOR FIRST-CLASS LIVERY GO TO

DR. G. P. BARNUM,
Nos. 91 and 93 E. Columbia St.
HACKS, HEARSES, BAND WAGON,

Single and Double Rigs at All Hours.

Hacks for Funerals and Weddings, $3. Buggies for 2 hours, $1.50. Hacks for parties, theatres, etc., at as low rates as anybody. In consideration of the hard times these have been my prices for the past 18 months.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 48.
March 5-dly

TRADE MARK
WHEAT
Baking Powder.
(GOLD MEDAL AT NEW ORLEANS.)
Endorsed by the leading Hotels in the Country.
Approved by the Government Chemists for the Indian Commission.
MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS.
Established 1829. NEW YORK.

PHOSACID.
10-wed&sunthmo

DR. T. J. DILLS
Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. L. JONES & CO., PROPRIETORS,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
Office and works at 50 Pearl street. Central Office at
GOLDEN & MONAHAN'S, 63 Calhoun Street
Our wagon will call for and any part of the city, free of ch

G. T. BRUEBACH, M. D.
Office and Residence, No. 171 Clinton street.
General Practitioner and Specialist in all Diseases.
Office hours: {1:30 to 3:30 p. m. / 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.
Calls can be made day or night. Telephone No. 138. July 11-dly

P. M'CULLOUGH, M. D. H. M'CULLOUGH, M. D.
T. P. & H. McCULLOUGH,
PHYSICIANS.
Office 180 Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
May 5dly

LINENS

—FOR—

HOUSE - KEEPING

—AND—

REMNANTS

ROOT & COMPANY

Propose placing before their patrons the coming week some

RARE BARGAINS

—IN—

HOUSE-KEEPING LINENS.

CHOICE GOODS!

Every article in our Linen Department offered at this sale at the low prices, which have always made this annual sale so popular.

REMNANTS

—OF—

Silks, Satins, Velvets and Dress Goods.

All Winter Goods at a Big Reduction.

CLOAKS

—AND—

WRAPS

AT COST.

Inspection Invited.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

New Nuts.
New Candies.
New Fruits.
New Raisins.
New Prunells.
Pure Maple Sugar.
Olives and Capers.
German Sausage, Canned.
Cooking Wines.
Brandy and Champagne.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ONE WEEK.

Commencing Monday Evening, December 28th.

Matinees—Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

Gray & Stephens' Dramatic Company.,

In the greatest of all Sensational plays,

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday,

"WITHOUT A HOME."

Friday and Saturday Afternoons and Evenings,

SAVED FROM THE STORM.

Admission, 15c.; reserved seats, 10c. extra, at Woodworth's drug store and the box office.

January 4, 5 and 6, "Hazel Kirke."

January 7, 8 and 9, Billy Berk's Humpty Dumpty, introducing the living Clown Elephant, Sid.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON.....Manager
F. E. STOUDER.....Treasurer

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1886.

Engagement of the popular Character actor

FREDERIC BRYTON!

In the greatest moral drama of the age,

FORGIVEN

Written by Clay Greene, esq., author of "Miss," etc.

"A rude sermon is preached from every seat."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"It appeals directly to all that is good and pure in human nature"—St. Louis Republican

PRICES, - - 25, 50, 75c.

Box office open Saturday, January 2, at 11 a. m.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY. JAN. 2, 1886.

THE CITY.

1886.

Did you swear off.

Now get ready for Easter.

Fourth of July this year comes on Sunday.

The carrier boys take charge of THE SENTINEL to-day.

The skating rinks were in full blast yesterday and last night.

The new Kerr Murray shops are almost ready for the roof.

Dr. J. D. Searles made a visit to Huntington this afternoon.

Congressman Lowry and his family leave for Washington to-night.

The Olds iron and machine works, on Superior street, now employ over thirty men.

Superintendent Johnson, of the Muncie telegraph system, is at Muncie on a visit.

This open weather causes contractors and carpenters to wreath their faces in smiles.

Mrs. James Hildebrand, of Huntington, was in the city yesterday, the guest of relatives.

Sarah E. Hill charges Christ. Oliver with provoke. Justice Ryan has the case on his docket.

The fine weather yesterday caused the "oldest inhabitant" to tell tales of a similar day "away back."

Miss Belle Forrey, of Elkhart, Indiana, is visiting Mrs. F. M. Smaltz, of No. 323 West Main street.

Mr. Edward Kemp is entertaining his twin brother, Edson Kemp, whom he has not seen for sixteen years.

The Bucyrus polo team will play the Princess team at the rink here Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16.

The Misses Mamie and Carrie DeWald very pleasantly entertained a party of friends at 6 o'clock tea last evening.

Five hundred bushels of oats were brought in from the country Thursday. They sell for 32@32½ cents per bushel.

The choir of Emanuel's Lutheran church will celebrate the anniversary of their organization on Monday evening at the school hall.

A saloon on East Wayne street needs attention. It is tough and people use it for other purposes than drink. Capt. Diehl is directed to this place.

Henry Nix, a shoemaker in the employ of Peter Eggeman, while splitting wood yesterday morning, was so unfortunate as to have a piece fly up and hit his nose.

"Mrs. George W. Stevens presented her husband with a brand new boy baby, Monday morning. Supt. Stevens could not have received a more acceptable Christmas gift," says the Peru *Sentinel*.

Rabbi Israel Aaron married Miss Beryl Jacobs and Mr. Sig Bamberger at Van Wert last Wednesday. The scholarly rabbi also responded to the toast "The Happy Couple," at the banquet that followed.

The Indiana Commercial Travelers' association met to-day at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis. The commercial men say they are solid for Col. C. A. Munson for state auditor, and the gentleman is down for a toast at the banquet this evening.

Judge Hench gave these judgments to-day: The Hamilton National Bank vs. Mary M. Fry for $671.28; Lawrence Rowan vs. Joseph Niebal, et. al., $128.85; Harriet Frost vs. Fred O. Stringer, $225; Manuel Marblestone vs. Isaac Straus, $763.60.

Phœnix lodge No. 101, Knights of Pythias, will publicly install officers Monday evening at Rathbone Hall and afterward a banquet will be spread. THE SENTINEL acknowledges an invitation from Sir Knights John D. Olds, Finis Cartwright and Joe Douglass.

The men at the Murray foundry have been working day and night for two weeks past on the new fixtures for the gas works at Kansas City, which were blown up some time ago by dynamite. Mr. Cressler received a dispatch yesterday saying that the city would be lighted last night for the first time since the explosion.

Mrs. Thomas Hamilton has returned home from East Springfield, New York, where for five weeks she was attending her sick father, Dr. James Ormiston, who died December 23, aged 89 years. Dr. Ormiston resided and practiced as a physician in Fort Wayne from 1835 to 1858, a period of twenty-three years, and was generally acquainted with all the old settlers of that time.

The latest postal decision is to the effect that publishers of newspapers can according to the law arrest any man for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law it is a dangerous trick for a man to receive the cheap papers about here. It is a recent dodge to send papers to people about town and at the end of a year send in a bill. A number of papers will get angry at this expose but THE SENTINEL can not help them.

Sheriff McGriff now occupies his new jail residence at Decatur.

Mr. Harry C. Hanna went to Chicago on legal business last evening.

January 8 will be "St. Jackson Day" according to the democratic calendar.

It is said that the Olds' Wagon works will begin operations on Monday next.

The Democratic State Central committee will meet at Indianapolis January 8.

Commissioner O'Brien had a big force of men at work cleaning the streets to-da .

Mrs. Jennie N. Allen received New Year callers with Mrs. Kimball, at Indianapolis.

Miss Jennie Weil, of Fort Wayne, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Leo Loeser, at Ligonier.

Miss Mollie Brown, of Fort Wayne, is visiting at the home of her grandfather, Mr. John Brown, of Kendallville.

Miss Allie Provines, of Huntington, is in the city, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. George R. Hench, on East Wayne street.

Charles H. Immell and family, of Huntington were in the city yesterday, the guests of his father-in-law, Dr. Searles.

The receipts of wheat at the Bash elevator Thursday were 1,073 bushels, The prices remain at 86 and 88 cents per bushel.

They propose to play "Ten Nights in a Barroom" at Decatur shortly. They are right at home in this sort of a drama at Decatur.

Justice Hays paid $20 into the county treasury as fines collected by him. This morning all goes into the big school fund.

Miss Lizzie Hoagland, of Fort Wayne, attended a reception given by Mrs. Sallie McBride Wednesday evening last, at Lafayette.

Miss Mary Harper, of Huntington, and Miss Hattie Leonard, of Fort Wayne, were chosen vice-presidents of the state teachers' association.

James L. Orinn and Nellie Wells, George C. Johnson and Rosy E. Maxwell, Wm. Miller and Sophia Walker, have been licensed to wed.

C. H. Nix is at Huntington, but as he has ceased to build palatial hotels here on the subscription plan he ceases to become an object of interest.

T. D. Paulus and wife, of Fort Wayne, were in attendance at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Benedict, at Portland, on last Thursday evening.

An Indianapolis *Journal* telegram says that Lee Linn, of the Wabash *Courier*, is about to remove to Kokomo, and begin the publication of a newspaper in that city.

Mrs. Lucien Stapleford has not left the city, so she writes us, and will not abandon her children. The mention of her name with the arrest of Henry Miller for murder, at Toledo, grieves her very much.

"Mrs. Nimmons, of Fort Wayne, widow of Dr. Nimmons, deceased, of Wawaka, was in the city on Wednesday. She is considering the idea of again becoming a resident of our city," says the Kendallville *Standard*.

The first copy of the "*Inter Mountain*," published by Messrs. Williams & Hossler, at Warsaw, has been received and THE SENTINEL can honestly congratulate the publishers on issuing a handsome, readable paper, destined at once to leap into popular favor.

The superintendent of public instruction yesterday made the semi-annual apportionment of the state's revenue for tuition, as required by law. The total amount on hand for apportionment is $903,444.04. Number of persons of school age in the state, 740,949. Per capita, $1.33. Allen county gets an increased apportionment.

Mr. P. J. Fallon has been offered the formanship of a prominent Wabash shop in the west, but he declines to leave Fort Wayne, his home. Mr. J. B. Barnes proffered Mr. Fallon the handsome place, and it was but just, as P. J. has been his staunch friend and supporter here. Mr. Fallon frequently contributes railroad news to THE SENTINEL.

The Wabash has been considerably afflicted with confidence men on its trains recently. One night this week, Conductor Geo. Clark noticed six of them board his train at the union depot at Toledo. He notified the company's depot policeman of the fact that confidence men had just got on his train and requested the officer to go through the train and notify the passengers.

There will be a public installation of officers of the G. A. R. post at Decatur January 6, and the *Democrat* says these gentlemen are expected from Fort Wayne: Col. R. S. Robertson, Captain A. H. Dougal, W. D. Maier, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jack Kensell, the famous singer of army songs and recitationist, who is unequalled in this part of the country. It is also expected that Colonel D. N. Foster, department commander for the state, will also be present and address the meeting. Vocal music will be furnished by the choir of the Presbyterian church. Other music will be furnished, including a string band.

Mayor Muhler now has a telephone at his residence.

The circuit court was not in session to-day, but Monday Judge O'Rourke will call the jury.

Mr. Frank Falker will continue on the road for A. C. Trentman and maybe he will not leave his service at all.

Miss Bessie H. Hassler, accountant for the Keller Medicine company, has been commissioned a notary public.

Capt. Allen H. Dougall's mother was yesterday eighty-five years old and the birthday was celebrated by a happy family reunion.

The flag voted the Catholic Knights at St. Mary's church fair will not be here and the reception arranged by the Sir Knights is off for the present.

The members of the Allen County Gun club indulged in a friendly shoot at White's range yesterday and some fine markmanship was manifested.

Jacob Fink, the insane Leo blacksmith, has been rejected for treatment at the state hospital and must be cared for here. At times the man is all right.

Pixley & Company sold one thousand dollars' worth more goods last month than they did the same month a year ago. This shows that times are getting better.

Mrs. Frank B. Kendrick fell on the floor of the Princess rink yesterday and sustained a severe sprain. Dr. H. S. Meyers says the lady will be out in a day or two.

Elizabeth Metty sues Fred Metty for divorce through her attorney, W. P. Breen. The people once lived on Superior street and Metty drank and abused his wife.

Mr. A. Bowersock, trustee of Lafayette township, has not been required to issue one cent to the poor since he has been in office. This speaks well for Lafayette.

New Years was calmly observed here. Calling was indulged in in the afternoon and the receptions were most elegant, notably at the residency of Hon. F. P. Randall and Hugh McC. Bond.

The case of Milmine vs. Bess will be heard this term of the United States court at Indianapolis. The hearing will occur soon and is important here as it involves the Bowser property, worth $10,000.

Dr. Ezra Reed and Charles Northrop were sent to jail for drunkenness by the mayor this morning. Dr. Reed once was notorious as a body snatcher and the ghoulish work of the fellow can be recalled.

One of THE SENTINEL collection books, No. 1, was lost by the carrier boy this morning, between Broadway and Fairfield avenue on the Pittsburg railroad The book will be thankfully received at this office.

Some rascal shot into the Fort Wayne-Indianapolis sleeping car on the Wabash road last night. A gentleman man was asleep in the berth when the bullet whizzed over him. Detectives are on the track.

A small blaze started in a bedroom of Wm. Smith's boarding house, 270 Calhoun street this morning. The firemen quenched the flames with buckets. Mr. Tim Hogan owns the building, which is not much damaged, probably $50.

Carl B. Swain and A. S. Barrett have purchased the railroad ticket broker agency from J. M. Osborn, of the Rich hotel, and will have their agency at No. 4 Aveline house block. The young men have been admitted to the association of ticket brokers.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL, are as follows: Increasing cloudiness, local rains, winds generally easterly, warmer weather followed during Sunday by slowly falling temperature.

Walter Thomas Mills, editor of the New York *Voice*, and one of the most popular temperance lecturers in this country, will deliver his famous lecture, "Must We Have a New Party?" at Prohibition headquarters, next Tuesday evening. All invited. Admission free.

Weighmaster Patrick Ryan collected $150.50 last month on the city scales. Since the scales were put down by the city last July he collected $606.50. His salary amounted to $330, and the scales cost $276.55, so it will be seen that the scales more than paid for themselves to the extent of $126. Mr. Ryan is a good officer and besides bein thoroughly honest and reliable.

"B. M. Holman informs us that about week after next there will be a change in the ownership of the Fort Wayne *Gazette*. Mr. Holman and Mr. Walker, late editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, have arranged to purchase the *Gazette*, the transfer to be made in about two weeks. The form of the *Gazette* will probably be changed to a seven-column folio, and will be all home print. Mr. Walker will be editor-in-chief, Mr. T. P. Keator city editor, and Mr. Holman business manager," says the Wabash *Plain Dealer*. THE SENTINEL in advance will bid the new company unbounded success.

A little girl suffering with the mumps declared "she felt as though a headache had jumped down into her neck." S. Jacobs Oil would have removed it.

A Word to Young Men.

This is an important hour for young men and one of splendid opportunities for success in character building and the eventful science of life. Every year lays new burdens upon all who would, in any real sense of the term, make successful men. To fill a worthy place in the coming time our young men must go beyond their predecessors; they must transcend their fathers in business, in trade and professional career. While the territory our youth must occupy is continually enlarging, so also is the intensity of the competition they must encounter. More intellectual athletes are starting in the race of life to-day than ever before. The members of the professions, the mechanics, the merchants and the farmers who shall take our places in the twentieth century must be better men than we of the nineteenth or they will fail. The law of the survival of the fittest will be applied to the young men of to-day with more merciless severity than ever it has been to their predecessors. If success therefore attends the 7,000,000 of our youth in America the coming century, this is no time for idleness, drowsiness, indifference, and dissipation, consequent to a reckless career which leads with lightning speed downward to awful ruin. The Greeks tell us that the mills of the Gods grind slow, but they move faster as the world grows older. If in these animating times our young men choose to become loiterers, sluggards and drunkards and so spend the precious moments of the first days of 1886, in carousals and midnight revelry, there will be no place for them in the future and the mill of the Great God will surely grind such to powder.

True success in life then lies closely along the line of settled and sound convictions regarding the fundamented basis of morality and so the demand of our time and of all coming time will be for young men of character and that too most emphatically christian character.

The purpose of this service to-morrow is to help our young men on toward a better life, a keener moral bias, a higher and better plain of living and doing, and I have no greater ambition while pastor in this city, than to lift up some of our youths from the pit they have fallen in, or to bring to a successful realization the ideals which every youthful heart has fondly made in the better moments of his life, and above all to lead such to a saving knowledge of the world's Redeemer. The mothers and fathers of Fort Wayne have my sincere sympathy and co-operation in all attempts to save the boys of their home to our city, our commonwealth and the cause of christianity.

At 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the Baptist church there will be a special service for young men only, from fifteen to forty years of age. Fully 600 will be present. The Haydn quartet has kindly consented to lead the service of song. Wishing the readers of THE SENTINEL "A Happy New Year." I am yours truly. The young man's friend.

S. A. NORTHROP.

New Year's services at the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. In connection with the morning service will be a communion service. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you. Try it.

ANSON HOUGH, of Blackberry, Ills., says he owes his life to Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir. Try it.

MR. A. HIGGINS, of Wyoming, N. Y., says he had the piles for nearly 40 years, and was cured by using Gilmore's Pile specific.

WHY WILL YOU SUFFER from ague and malaria when Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will cure you.

GILMORE'S NEURALGIA CURE is a positive cure for neuralgia in the face, side and stomach.

JOHN H. YATES, of Batavia, N. Y., says:

"I cheerfully commend
Your AROMATIC WINE:
It did new life and vigor send
Through this weak frame of mine.
It did for all my stomach ills
More than the doctor and his pills."

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and G. H. Gumpper.

The Steam Dye House gives notice to all persons who have left goods at their establishment, No. 13 West Wayne street, to call on or before January 9 and receive the same, as the parties intend to leave the city at that time. 2-3t

Every reader of military history and every patriotic citizen ought to hear General Charlton's lecture on "Sherman's March Through Georgia," at the Masonic Temple, on Wednesday evening, January 6, 1886. He lectured at Huntington lately under the auspices of the Chautauqua Literary Circle. Those who heard him say his two hours' lecture is worth weeks of reading and study. Old soldiers who have heard it pronounce it accurate and his description of camp life and battle scenes vivid and realistic. Tickets to be had at Woodworth's drug store. Box office open Monday morning. Seats reserved without extra seats.

Sabbath service at the Railroad Reading Rooms at 3:30 p. m., standard. All men, young and old, are invited to attend this service. Railroad men especially.

SKIN, SCALP, BLOOD

CLEANSED, PURIFIED and BEAUTIFIED by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

FOR cleansing the skin and scalp of disfiguring humors, for allaying itching, burning and inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of eczema, psoriasis, milk crust, scald head, scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally.

NAUGHT BUT GOOD.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for the past three or four years, and have never heard aught but good words in their favor. Your Cuticura Soap is decidedly the best selling medicinal soap we handle, and is highly prized here for its soothing and softening effect upon the skin.

J. CLIFTON WHEAT, jr., druggist.
Winchester, Va.

THE LARGEST SALE.

Our sales of Cuticura are as large, if not larger, than any medicine we sell; and we assure you that we have never had a single instance in which the purchaser was dissatisfied. As to your Soap, we can sell no other, everywhere Cuticura.

MILLER & CHAPMAN, Druggists.
Louisiana, Mo.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

Two of the worst cases of salt rheum I ever saw were cured by your Cuticura Remedies and their sales exceed those of all other like remedies. I sell very little of any other medicinal Soap than Cuticura.

GEORGE A. ANTHONY, Druggist.
Kewanee, Ill.

BARBER'S ITCH CURED.

I have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for the last six years, and I find that they give universal satisfaction. They cured me of a severe case of Barber's Itch when other remedies failed.

W. C. ANDREWS, Druggist, Cleveland, O.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE THEM.

The Cuticura Remedies are excellent remedies for all skin diseases.

J. C. WILSON, M. D., Harvel, Ill.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, No. 1, RESOLVENT, $1.00; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send For "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

GRUBS pimples, skin blemishes and baby humors cured by Cuticura Soap.

CATARRH



The great Balsamic Distillation of Witch-Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc., called SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, for the immediate relief and permanent cure of every form of catarrh, from a simple cold in the head to loss of smell, taste and hearing, cough and catarrhal consumption. Complete treatment, consisting of one bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, may now be had of all druggists for $1.00. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

Complete Treatment, With Inhaler, $1.

"The only absolute specific we know of."—Med. Times. "The best we have found in a lifetime of suffering."—Rev. Dr. Wiggin, Boston. "After a long struggle with catarrh, the Radical Cure has conquered."—Rev. S. W. Munroe, Lewisburg, Pa. "I have not found a case that it did not relieve at once."—Andrew Lee, Manchester, Mass.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



"I MUST GIVE UP, I cannot bear this pain, I ache all over, and nothing I try does me any good." Backache, weakness, uterine pains, soreness, lameness, hacking cough, pleurisy and chest pains cured by that new, original and elegant antidote to pain and inflammation the Cuticura anti-pain plaster. Especially adapted to ladies by reason of its delicate odor and and gentle medicinal action. At druggist, 25c.; five for $1, mailed free. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

WANTED—Washing to do. Apply at 156 Fairfield avenue.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK OF FORT WAYNE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamilton National Bank of Fort Wayne, for the purpose of electing seven directors to serve during the ensuing year, will be held at the office of said bank on Tuesday, January 12, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m.

2t JOHN MOHR, JR., Cashier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen in city or country to take light work at their own homes. $3 to $14 a day can be easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, CROWN MFG'G COMPANY, 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 2-1m

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100-page Pamphlet 10c. 2 1m

H. W. Mordhurst.



DRUG[illegible]T,

Will Remove January 2 to [illegible]tory Building
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